THE
# NATION

MARCH 13, 1967 35 cents

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## THE RIGHT HAS 9 LIVES
FRED J. COOK

The China Puzzle

## Old Man in a Hurry
C. L. FITZGERALD

## California's Instant Cities
THEODORE ROSZAK

THE LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE — KEVIN SULLIVAN
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NEWSPAPER

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# LETTERS

## angry artist

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: I am not very concerned about Curtis Harnack's misspelling of my name ["Week of the Angry Artist," *The Nation*, Feb. 20]; I mention it only because it seems characteristic of the general inaccuracy of his observations.

I don't believe Mr. Harnack witnessed one of our performances, or he would have made himself known to us, so that he could speak with some of the actual participants (I'm told this method often lends weight to a journalistic piece). . . .

He would have observed that with the use of a microphone plus two speakers you don't get "poetry shouted from street corners," but rather poems read from a platform. There is a difference: your voice never gets "lost in the general hubbub."

If Mr. Harnack had been present at any one of the fifteen places we stopped at, he would have read one of the little mimeographed booklets we were handing out, containing 2 pages of our poems, the ones we were reading on the truck, and been able to quote at length from at least one of the poems, to back up his contention that the muse was, for these occasions, "in service to politics" (i. e., none of what we read were good poems).

He could not have failed to notice those people who applauded us, or those (some 5,000 all week) who took the booklets. . . . He does not say who were the witnesses he relied on. They were not particularly observant: most of the poets and players did not have beards. Tony Weinberger has a mustache—well, that's nearly a beard. And Paul Blackburn: he's got a beard; is he an "East Village type"? He's a poet widely known and widely respected. How about Robert Bly? Perhaps he is the exception. He looked to me pretty much like the rest of us. I myself don't have a beard, nor do I have skinny legs; but maybe Mr. Harnack means that I'm an East Village type because I live in the East Village.

Where were Mr. Harnack's eyewitnesses when the Harlem crowd at 125th St. and Lenox Ave. were cheering us? Where were they when 500 booklets were handed out and 200 people watched our program in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art?

Of course some people were against us; does Mr. Harnack think they would have been for us if we had changed our clothes? Winter being what it is, we were all wearing heavy shoes, warm coats. When he talks about the "defiance implicit in their garb" maybe he means we were defying the weather? Is he telling us that the hecklers in the crowd were objecting to our appearance rather than our ideas? I only wish it were true.

. . . If he had chosen to tell how we were belted with eggs and garbage and physically attacked by Cuban exiles on upper Broadway, he would have inferred from that isolated incident that we were similarly treated all over the city. The logic is the same: you pick one performance out of the fifteen and maintain that it is typical. . . . Where were you, Mr. Harnack? Clearly you were nowhere in our vicinity at any time, or you would have had to write a different sort of article. What you have written about the Poets' Caravan is irresponsible, inaccurate and misleading.

*Dick Lourie*

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: I regret that Curtis Harnack spent so much space on the panel discussion which was not an event typical of the week's activities and none at all on the program called Vietnamese Life which brought together many artists, known and unknown, from different fields, in an attempt to realize imaginatively not their own feelings about the

*(Continued on page 350)*

# EDITORIALS

## War and Peace

At a recent press conference, President Johnson drew a yellowish parchment from a desk drawer and read out to the reporters the well-known passage in which Abraham Lincoln, after promising to do the very best he could, remarks: "If the end brings me out all right, what is said about me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference. . . ." Ted Lewis was not being unduly harsh in the New York *Daily News* when he said that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy never resorted to the public displays of self-pity and appeals for understanding that suffused this press conference. The implied comparison with Lincoln verges on the grotesque.

In the decisions that preceded the press conference, Mr. Johnson and his aides followed a familiar pattern. It was succinctly expressed in a newspaper headline: LBJ STEPPING UP WAR TO PROMOTE PEACE. It could have come straight out of George Orwell. Whenever the possibility of peace appears on the horizon, Johnson, Rusk and McNamara respond with new escalations: in the present instance no less than three—naval shelling of the North Vietnamese seacoast, artillery fire across the demilitarized zone and mining of northern rivers. When the reporters asked whether these actions did not amount to a widening of the war, so that the United States was faced with a more ominous situation, Mr. Johnson conceded that what he had done was "more far-reaching," but it was necessary "to protect the safety, the lives of our men there, and to try to bring about a halt to the war and the aggression." When, a few days later, Robert Kennedy presented to the Senate a three-point proposal that would do no more than add a flavor of "credibility" to our oft-repeated proffers of negotiation, Secretary Rusk issued within hours a bleak rejection of the Senator's cautious peace signal.

The Johnson Administration is determined to achieve a military and diplomatic victory in Vietnam and will not negotiate until such an outcome is assured. For their part, the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese, beset by heavy losses and the Sino-Soviet split, would like to end the war, but it is impossible for them to acknowledge defeat and lose at the conference table all that they won in the war with the French. A plausible picture of their objectives emerges in a report from Saigon by Richard Critchfield in the February 23 Washington *Evening Star*. Critchfield has been in touch with Vietnamese Communists, who told him that the Vietcong were willing to lay down their arms and collaborate with a non-Communist regime in Saigon, providing it was "reasonably liberal" and not led by generals like Premier Ky and his junta, composed almost entirely of



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North Vietnamese who fought on the side of the French. The Front, Critchfield reports further, would not demand cabinet posts or a U.S. guarantee of safety.

The National Liberation Front is even willing to consider a deal with the existing military junta, but in that case it wants 50 per cent of all cabinet posts, legalization of an overt Communist Party and a guarantee of safety from the United States. Apparently the Front would accede to an American presence in South Vietnam to prevent a renewal of hostilities. By all indications, the Johnson Administration will not negotiate on any such basis. Its objective is revealed in Vice President Humphrey's news conference of February 27, in connection with the AFL-CIO convention. He was not speaking for the Administration, he said, but he saw the coming elections in South Vietnam as a step toward a peaceful settlement—perhaps next summer. He echoed the Johnson assurances of "constantly probing" for peace negotiations while "maintaining military pressure." The maintenance —and stepping up—of military pressure is the reality in this dualism, the probing for peace is the cover story. The agony this entails for the Vietnamese people, North and South, and the risk of an uncontrollable spread of the war are of minor importance in the Johnson-Rusk-McNamara strategy.

## The Wronged Far Right

Under the leadership of square-jawed, bluff Barry Goldwater, the far Right enjoys a reputation for forthrightness, for hitting issues head-on, for the direct confrontation. In the image it has created for itself, it puts principle above expediency, it scorns special pleading, it restores to our squalid politics the purity of the early American character.

But in its reaction to the revelations of CIA subornation of American institutions, the far Right displays precious little of these pretensions. On *Face the Nation*, Goldwater expressed his outrage that the CIA had given money to "left-wing" organizations—he made a special point of an organization with which Norman Thomas had been identified—and then his indignation turned into a sense of being ill-used. "Why didn't they spread this money around?" he asked. It is a strange question to come from one so opposed to governmental influence over private persons and organizations. It is doubly strange because at least one Right-led group did receive CIA funds to the extent of $1 million or more; it is the Cuban Freedom Committee, a front for Christianform (see *The Nation,* May 9, 1966). One might have thought that Goldwater would spurn subsidies for his side, leaving such loose political morals to degenerate liberals.

A somewhat different objection is voiced by Rep. James B. Utt, another luminary of the far Right. He cannot understand why the CIA should have made a cat's-paw of the National Student League, a group that

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Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR.
Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS
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Canberra C. P. FITZGERALD

**The Nation** is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 1434 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-3547. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing office.

**Subscription Price:** One year, $10; two years. $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

**Change of Address:** It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

***Information to Libraries:*** ***The Nation*** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION
Combined with FRONTIER

*Vol. 204*
*No. 11*



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was not (and still isn't) "strongly anti-Communist." This position is held by other bodies of the Goldwater-Utt persuasion. Thus, Young Americans for Freedom proclaim: ". . . we are absolutely astounded to discover that federal funds in huge amounts have been placed in the hands of irresponsible leftists who do not represent American students." It may be that they would not have been satisfied to have the money "spread around"; probably they would have been happier if it had all gone to them.

The trouble with that tactic is that it would never work. The CIA knew perfectly well what it was doing. An ostensibly liberal organization, once corrupted, could serve CIA purposes as a rightist group never could. The far Right philosophy is not very salable in most parts of the world or, for that matter, in the United States. While representing only one sector of student opinion, the NSA is far more influential than Young Americans for Freedom and similar groups.

There is surely a place for a liberal student organization like the NSA—provided it is honestly and independently run and its officers do not sell out the membership. But, with blind animus, the far Right is now trying to seize on the NSA's discomfiture to ruin it. Perhaps these pseudo-conservatives think they can thus demonstrate their dedication to principle and, simultaneously, pick up the pieces. It is more likely that they can do neither. Probably most Americans, and surely the great majority in academic life, would like to see the NSA profit by the errors (to use a kindly word) of its past leaders, and demonstrate its fitness to survive by its future works.

## Candid Camera on TV

On New York City radio station WOR last month, Allen Funt put his finger on what is basically wrong with the recent Carnegie Commission report on educational television. The creator of *Candid Camera* did not do so intentionally; he was merely being candid about some of the money aspects of commercial television—perhaps in bitterness that his show is being dropped by C.B.S. at the end of this season.

"It's sickening to anyone to get the kind of money TV performers are paid," Funt said. "I make more than six times what the President of the United States gets." Even more sickening was Funt's disclosure that his co-producer, Bob Banner, received 50 per cent ownership of the show —worth $7,000 weekly—merely for getting it on the air; and that Funt's agent, Ted Ashley, collects "$7,500 weekly for having sold the program seven years ago."

Despite this excessive milking, the company that telecast the grossly padded program made a record profit last year of $64,115,649 on record sales of $814,533,621.

What has all this to do with the Carnegie Commission report? By narrowing its vision to only the poor-relative side, the educational side, of American television, the Carnegie Commission could with spurious innocence overlook the obvious. Examining only the extreme poverty of educational television, and ignoring the bloated stomachs of commercial television, it proposed an excise tax on TV sets to establish a noncommercial public television service.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that any such manufacturer's tax would be passed on to the public, which already has invested $20 billion in television sets and is currently buying them at the rate of $2 billion a year. But the obvious point is this: Commercial interests use the public air waves, and they are not providing the public service they had promised (else why is public television now necessary?). They are siphoning off into private pockets a boodle of money acquired by the private use of public property.

Commercial television operates at a level in excess of $2 billion a year, educational television at about 3 per cent of that amount. Commercial television has enjoyed ever higher annual profits for more than a dozen years. Educational television has shamelessly begged and borrowed inadequate funds permitting it merely to survive.

The American public not only has allowed such a dual system to be established; it still acts as if one system had nothing to do with the other, although both use the same air waves and are licensed to operate in "the public interest, convenience and necessity."

We could use a *Candid Camera* on the total picture of American television.

## More in Sorrow than Anger

At three o'clock in the morning, after seven hours of fatiguing debate, the representative from the University of Pennsylvania turned to the representative from Yale: "If there are real differences between us, let's not paper them over with sophistry."

The differences among the delegates to the Student Conference on Vietnam, held at Cornell, February 15 to 18, could be acknowledged in such generous spirit because they were so minor when compared to the range of agreement. Surprisingly, in a conference made up only of representatives from official student governments, no unmoving middle sat athwart the proceedings. In fact, the two rival resolutions which had preoccupied the long

The Nation Institute regrets that it could not honor several hundred requests for reservations for its oversubscribed California Conference on Redirecting American Power, held in Los Angeles on February 25.

Radio Station KPFK-FM is broadcasting selected portions of the conference proceedings on some Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 7:00. KPFK taped the entire conference and plans to air it complete in a series of broadcasts. The schedule for this later project will be announced in the station's published program.



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night were but variations of the same theme; they were both ringing denunciations of U.S. policy in Vietnam. The conference, whose heavily Eastern complement of forty-two delegations was sprinkled with representation from such regional outposts as Berkeley, Duke and Carleton, divided mainly on the mechanics of United States withdrawal. The final vote was 51 to 42 (one man, one vote) for the tougher resolution, calling for a halt to all bombing, immediate withdrawal of American troops under international supervision, and recognition of the National Liberation Front as a "largely independent political force" worthy of separate negotiation. The defeated resolution would have stayed the withdrawal until the establishment of an interim government through talks between the NLF and Saigon.

The tone of the resolution, offered more in sorrow than anger, was that of loyal but troubled youth, respectfully rejecting the prejudices of their elders. "We believe ourselves to be representative Americans who love our country and the ideals which it has given to the world," the students affirmed; but they concluded that "because of the crusading rhetoric in the cold war, the misapprehension of the changing nature of world communism, and the failure to perceive clearly the character of social change in the underdeveloped world, the United States is now pursuing a reactionary foreign policy." Prevention of future wars, a less debatable topic than therapeutics for Vietnam, drew a quick 50-to-25 vote for the proposition that the "insurgency in Thailand is primarily an economic problem" calling for nonmilitary solutions.

That buttressing argument of economics was characteristic of the didactic temper of the conference. The trouble with policy makers, the students seemed to imply, is probably not their intentions but their perception, which might yield to the weight of contrary evidence. Every resolution thus came to the floor a miniature white paper stuffed with historical prologue and adorned with assertions of is and ought. The delegates put themselves through a daily intellectual regimen of lectures and discussions in which a speaker could often be seen rising to argue a point, book in hand, reverently turning the pages as if looking for an appropriate psalm.

Least impressed by the arguments of the final resolution were the nine angry men who stalked out of the session to protest its "biased disposition" after their pro-war resolution had failed miserably. The delegates from Fordham, St. John's (Brooklyn and Jamaica), MIT and Rutgers refused to believe that a conference which delivered only twelve votes for king and country represented opinion on the nation's campus. The dissenters argued that the conference was unrepresentative since only about one-fourth of the delegation had been selected by a campus election specifically on the Vietnamese question. Admittedly, the dissenters were not so elected either; they said they simply knew in their hearts that they embodied the red-blooded majority of college students.

## Bernard Fall

His short, turbulent and splendid life was not marked by the usual chasm between the scholar and the man of action. At 16 he was a member of the French Resistance; when he wrote of war, he did not get his information from the books. He spent almost as much time in the combat areas of Vietnam as at home. What Senator McGovern said of him could be said by *The Nation*'s editors as well: "I personally came to regard him as the most valuable single source of information and interpretation on the background of the Vietnamese conflict." One of his early pieces for *The Nation* has a significant title: "Solution in Indo-China: Cease-Fire, Negotiate." The date was March 6, 1954. He was always generous with advice and counsel, and his guidance was always valuable. Would that it had been heeded in high places!

## Needling the Press

Some years ago, the editorial page editor of the late-lamented New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out that ideas rarely originate in the big media; rather, one is apt to find them in more or less obscure places, where writers have nothing to stop them from thinking. It would be wrong to conclude that such writers are smarter than those on the big media. A wealthy, powerful publication wants above all to remain wealthy and powerful. This imperative puts a premium on not thinking the wrong thoughts; it also influences decisions on what is, and what is not, news. But here also the small publication plays an intrusive role—it may force a big newspaper to print something that the editors wished would go away and not bother them. A small publication, *Grassroots Editor*, has reconstructed how this happened in Denver during the housewives' boycott of supermarkets, a movement which spread across the country and is still reverberating in the national economy.

As early as August, 1966, groups of Denver women were complaining about prices to the food chains. In mid-September they had their first meeting with supermarket officials. The women understood the importance of publicity and appealed to the Denver dailies to let the city know of their activities; they were told this sort of thing wasn't newsworthy. *University Park News*, a local weekly, was less inhibited. On September 22, it carried a story about one of the meetings between the embattled housewives and their supermarket opponents. On the same day, *Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal*, a weekly, carried a story, "Housewives Arming for Price Fight," on page 31. On October 5, *Cervi's* ran a lead story, "Housewives War on Supermarkets to Open October 17." The paper judged that the story fell into the public-service class and refrained from copyrighting it. The next morning three radio stations hit the story heavily, followed in the afternoon by television channels 2, 4, 7 and 9.

Now the dailies were on the spot. The Denver *Post*



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had to print something and did—on page 37. As the story kept growing, it forced its way forward; on October 9 it reached page 2 in the *Post*. In the *Rocky Mountain News* it got as far as page 5. The Associated Press received an inquiry from New York, looked into the situation, and put the story on the national wires.

In Baltimore, a food industry representative accused *Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal* of having instigated the boycott. *Cervi's* was not contrite. As for the two dailies, one can, if one chooses, conclude that they ignored the story for several weeks in the honest conviction that it wasn't news. But any newspaper man will regard this as a worse reflection on the editors than saying that they were influenced by their large revenues from supermarket advertising. Journalists may forgive excessive caution but lack of curiosity, never.

THE CHINA PUZZLE

# OLD MAN IN A HURRY

**C. P. FITZGERALD**

*Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author, most recently, of* The Third China *(F.W. Cheshire, Ltd.).*

*Canberra*

Whatever else the Great Cultural Revolution and the Red Guard movement may or may not have achieved, they have taught the China experts humility. The self-confidence, the assurance of informed interpretation are gone, to be replaced by a rueful awareness that all is speculation, that every theory is rapidly discredited, that each hypothesis is demolished by the next day's news. Yet these new facts must be fitted into some interpretation, must make sense, even if no observer will now be prepared to assert that the interpretation will not prove nonsense next week. Accordingly, with every reservation concerning the development and outcome of the crisis in China today, certain broad questions can be discussed and some observations made.

Three major questions present themselves: Why did the Cultural Revolution apparently suddenly and unexpectedly arise and develop with such astonishing rapidity in the summer of 1966? What are the real ends which this movement seeks to attain? What is the true character and political meaning of the crisis? It cannot be suggested that the answer to any of these questions is clear or definite, but it can be claimed that the official Chinese explanation accounts for all the known facts no better than do the numerous theories put forward by the "China watchers." It may be as well to glance first at the shortcomings of this official explanation.

The Cultural Revolution, we are told, was a spontaneous uprising on the part of the young, dedicated followers of the leader of the Chinese Revolution, Chairman Mao Tse-tung. It arose because leading members of the Communist Party itself were deviating from the true doctrine as expounded in the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, were using their position for selfish aims, and were permitting a revival of bourgeois manners and ideology. The aims of the movement are to clean out this element, to eliminate its pernicious influence, and to uproot the noxious growth of bourgeois manners and ideas. The character of the movement is democratic, an upsurge of the mass of the people awakened to the failings of some men in high places, a movement inspired by the Thought of Máo Tse-tung, determined to insure that these doctrines shall prevail and guide the future path of the revolution. It has nothing to do with such political matters as the succession to supreme power or the ambitions of personalities, other than to remove from office men who have failed to mold their conduct on Mao Tse-tung's precepts.

This explanation is truly a *lucus a non lucendo*—one which by omitting all inconvenient facts illuminates nothing. A spontaneous movement of the young, that is of people who have neither influence, power nor resources, was able within a few months or even weeks to mobilize from all parts of China thousands, and even, we are told, millions of students and teen-age schoolboys; organize them into Red Guards, transport them across hundreds of miles, feed them, lodge them, and rally them at Peking and other large cities. There they are able to carry on a bitter campaign against certain classes and individuals, and are permitted to molest these people, to publish denunciations of high party members and ministers—all in the name of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung as set out in a handy red-covered booklet, printed by the millions of copies and to be found in the hand of every Red Guard. This is a very considerable logistic achievement for boys and girls to carry out.

The persons attacked and dismissed from office, and those still under attack, but not yet out of office, include men who were well known as ardent supporters of Marxism-Leninism, fierce opponents of Russian revisionism, sharp critics of the West and its policies. On the other hand, some who were less conspicuous in these attitudes have been immune from Red Guard criticism and retain positions of great power. Among the intellectuals denounced as infected with bourgeois tendencies are several who are celebrated for their wholehearted support of the Communist revolution and all its previous policies. The progress of the movement has been associated with the rise to great influence of people not formerly rated as major leaders, and in some cases almost unknown in the political field.

Western observers of China and other Communist countries have long been accustomed to assume, on the best information, that all changes of line, all shifts of policy, whether internal or in foreign relations, were



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decided by the top leadership, carried out by the obedient party, and proclaimed to the nation and the world with complete public unanimity, no discordant voice being heard, no dissent acknowledged. Today the activity of the Red Guards is manifestly, even admittedly, opposed by persons of influence and power; the denunciations of leading men are not now followed automatically by their disgrace and removal from office; some remain, still under attack; against others, attacks are discontinued, then renewed, then once more abandoned. What has become of that monolithic unity which was the accepted characteristic of totalitarian regimes? Following the poster war of denunciation carried on by the Red Guards, the outside observer might be excused for thinking that he was witnessing something like a Western election campaign, carried on, to be sure, with unseemly violence of language, but essentially revealing open political disagreement, openly expressed. If this is what is meant by describing the Cultural Revolution as "democratic," it almost qualifies, in a wry way, for that description.

It can, therefore, be held as certain that whatever the nature of the Red Guard movement, or its final aims, it has involved China in a political crisis of a kind hitherto unprecedented in the Communist world. Previously, there have been disagreements, there may have been plots, but those who did not carry the day in the inner and highest circles of leadership were purged, removed from office silently and often without any disclosure of the fact or of their fate for many months. The outward unity was always sedulously preserved. One certainty is that this is not so today. Still more significantly, certain very prominent figures whose characters and actions might be thought to mark them as obvious targets for Red Guard denunciation not only escape all censure, but have, almost alone, uttered warnings against excessive zeal and the resort to disorderly conduct. On all the evidence the claim that the movement is directed only to the removal of persons who have failed to eliminate bourgeois tendencies, and faltered in their adherence to the doctrines of Mao Tse-tung, cannot be made to fit the facts.

The suggestion that personalities are in no way involved and that the movement is free from any taint of ambitious self-seeking is equally inconsistent with observed facts. Accompanying the development of the Red Guards has been the spectacular rise of the Defense Minister, Lin Piao. Lin is now the designated second in command; the almost openly acknowledged heir apparent of Mao. He was known for many years past as one of the most able military commanders of the People's Liberation Army; an old comrade of the Long March, and before that too, of the Nanchang Uprising in 1928 which created the original Communist Red Army. It is not uncommon to find that distinguished soldiers, when they turn to political life in their later years, are somewhat at sea in the new and unfamiliar atmosphere; they too often tend to become the instruments of men more versed in these matters than themselves. The Napoleons of revolutions take up the task of supreme government at an age much younger than 58, when they are still in active command of the armies. Lin Piao, no longer young, has also suffered for many years from serious ill health due, it is said, to a severe war wound. Late middle age, bad health and a military reputation earned in wars fought twenty years ago would not seem the best qualifications for the supreme leadership of the Chinese nation, even assuming that this post will very soon be vacant. Until events prove otherwise, we must recognize the possibility that Lin Piao, invaluable as the man who could put the resources and authority of the army behind the immense task of organizing the Red Guard movement and its logistics, is nonetheless not the prime mover.

The interpretations which foreign observers can put upon these facts are limited by the difficulty in collecting adequate information from all parts of so huge a country. The official media of publicity in Peking, and many other centers also, are clearly controlled by the supporters of Mao Tse-tung. Information from Canton via Hong Kong, and from Shanghai by way of travelers, seems often to be reflecting the views of his opponents: from most of the other great cities of China, and virtually from all rural areas, there is no reliable information and frequently no information at all. Strangely enough, the official news releases, editorials and radio broadcasts are the source for most of the allegations of widespread and active resistance to the Great Cultural Revolution. It has at times seemed that the followers of Mao were eager to emphasize the extent and strength of the opposition to his policy. This in turn leads to the suspicion that much of this opposition does not in fact exist except in these propaganda statements, and that they are designed to inspire and stimulate the ardor of the Red Guards and make attacks upon the holders of high party office explicable to the general public.

Such an interpretation is strengthened by the lack of

*Mao Tse-tung*



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any evidence of a coherent opposition movement, operating under recognized leadership and putting forth an alternative policy. Liu Shao-ch'i, head of the state, and formerly the second ranking member of the party, has been denounced and finally, it would seem, ousted from office. Teng Hsiao-p'ing, secretary of the Communist Party, has suffered the same fate, as have Peng Chen, former mayor of Peking and Lo Jui-ching, former chief of staff of the army. A number of lesser figures, but all men holding high rank in the party, seem to have been driven out of office and probably arrested. Some of those who were brought in and promoted to high positions in the early period of the Cultural Revolution, such as Tao Chu, have subsequently been attacked and degraded. How far these men acted in common, if they did at all, or how far they have been selected for victimization merely because they were high-ranking party men who may not have always agreed with Mao Tse-tung on varying questions of policy, remains obscure. What does seem certain is that the attacks and denunciations were for only a brief period, for about two weeks in August last, directed against so-called "bourgeois" scholars and intellectuals. Thereafter, the campaign switched its attention to the higher ranks of the Communist Party itself.

This leads to the view that the main purpose of the movement is not wholly inconsistent with its professed aim, and is derived from Mao Tse-tung's distrust and dislike of bureaucracy and above all of party machinery. He is said to believe that the consolidation of power in the hands of the party hierarchy has dampened revolutionary zeal, was responsible for the economic setbacks of the Great Leap Forward, and for the unrewarding foreign policy of recent years. Above all, the party was growing more and more like the detested "revisionist" Russian Communist Party; slowly, or indeed swiftly, becoming an elite cut off from contact with the revolutionary youth of China and apt to adopt bourgeois standards of life and conduct.

It might be thought that granted the justice of this condemnation, the normal method of correcting it in an authoritarian state would be the quiet dismissal of prominent offenders and a purge of the lesser men. But this would be contrary to Mao's conception of the all-important role of "revolutionary zeal." Removing some men and substituting others, also party bureaucrats, would be a mere political maneuver, incomprehensible to the masses and also unquestioned by them. What Mao needed was a new revolution to arouse the frenzy and enthusiasm of the young; he would give the rising generation a revolution in which they could play a major part, instead of listening to the tales of the heroic deeds of their fathers on the Long March and in the War of Resistance against Japan.

The party must therefore be publicly and openly attacked, disrupted and purged; moreover, the new regime must be based upon a new system, less susceptible to similar influences of decay and decline. The model would appear to be the "primitive communism" of the Paris Commune of 1871, defined in Chinese terms as an alliance of "soldiers, peasants, students and Red Guards." Such a combination is said to have been installed in the city of Taiyüan, capital of the province of Shansi. It may well prove to be an unstable and inherently incoherent association of widely different groups: soldiers, who if they are to govern, must leave their units; peasants who to participate must cease to farm; students who will soon be too mature for further higher education; Red Guards who cannot be kept out of school indefinitely, and in any case soon grow up. As an instrument for ousting isolated eminent party men and mobilizing mass pressure to degrade them, such a union may well be most efficient; as an instrument for governing a great country it is an administrator's nightmare.

The administrators, indeed, spared thus far in the campaign of denunciation, seem to realize these dangers, and in the person of their most eminent representative, Prime Minister Chou En-lai, have actually uttered warnings that the state machinery and the major industries must not be involved. They seem to follow a line of cautious neutrality, never opposing the Cultural Revolution, supporting it with words, but attempting to restrain it with warnings. In one view this effort is doomed to failure: when Mao has finished with the party bureaucrats he will next attack and attempt to remove and purge the ministers of state and the civil servants. It is also argued in support of this view that if Western observers can predict that the civil service and its leaders would otherwise ultimately inherit all the authority of which the party is now being deprived, Mao must see the danger for himself; he does not propose to cut off Charles's head in order to make James king.

There is also the enigmatic role of the army, the last resort, the underlying force which supports all authority in any state. Lin Piao, Minister of Defense, is not certainly in full control of the army in the sense that he can count on all its high commanders in all parts of the country to do his bidding, however contrary to their inclinations or previous traditions. If the opposition to the Cultural Revolution and Mao Tse-tung were really as widespread and as organized as the official Peking press claims, it would seem very strange that conditions of near chaos could be tolerated month after month without it being thought necessary to call in the army to restore order. But indications or allegations that this has been done are far from clear or proved. It is suggested by some observers that China may be drifting toward a situation such as developed in Indonesia: a failing leader whose policies are becoming discredited and who himself may be losing his touch with reality; an army slowly finding itself the only coherent force capable of arresting growing disorder; a civil service waiting to join in support of whatever power group finally gains the victory.

Another view, at least equally credible, and equally hypothetical, considers that aided by his immense prestige and control of the central media of publicity in the capital, Mao must win the first round at least, while the army stands aloof, and the civil service remains outwardly loyal. But when it comes to setting up a government and regional authorities, upon the model of the Paris Commune of 1871, it is difficult to accept the probability that such a system could work competently for very long, if at all. In a few years Mao himself may be either too old



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and failing to maintain any real control; or he may die. If the civil service and its leaders remain untouched, they, with the probable support of the army, would take over, and while perhaps continuing to give lip service to the ideals of the Cultural Revolution would put the Red Guards back to school and restore the effective role of the party, although no doubt under new men who would be much less independent of the civil service than the former party hierarchy.

An element of further doubt is injected by the very extreme attitudes adopted in foreign affairs, particularly with Russia. It is clear that Mao is trying to force the Russians to break diplomatic relations. It would seem certain that he must know that such a break could not end there but would be followed by a permanent breach in the Communist world, in which China would be outlawed by the majority, probably the big majority of Communist parties. This would seem to make the realization of China's ambition to lead the Communist world wholly unattainable. This must be, therefore, a change of policy, either induced by the conviction that China cannot under his leadership ever reach this goal; or more probably, in the light of Mao's known character and beliefs, that it is no longer a desirable goal at all. Russia and the European Communist states are all fatally attainted by the disease of revisionism; they are rotted through and through: China, The Pure Land, must avoid defilement, and in the manner of the Chinese Communist Party's original retreat to Yenan rebuild in the stronghold, which Mao is shaping, a new center from which in years to come the true Communists can once more issue forth to battle and to triumph.

However little such an idealistic policy might appeal to most of the Chinese educated class, Communist or not, it is certainly in character with the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is to some degree confirmed by the almost complete indifference to and aloofness from other foreign contacts which now prevail in Peking. Ambassadors of even the most friendly Asian states cannot find any ranking official willing to receive them if they call upon the Chinese Foreign Office. Whether this is a deliberate reduction of contact—as suggested by the massive recall to Peking of Chinese diplomatic personnel serving abroad —or due to the fear of the officials for any visible contact or relations with "imperialists," is uncertain, but the former explanation seems the more likely.

It has been suggested that an important motive for the Cultural Revolution and the creation of the Red Guards was the genuine fear of the Chinese leadership that war with the United States was imminent. Thus the nation had to be inspired with revolutionary zeal capable of withstanding a major nuclear attack, for which China has no defense. Bourgeois elements who could well prove unreliable had to be ousted from power. Those party leaders who may have advocated caution, or even diminished involvement in the Vietnamese War, were hounded out as potential traitors. There is some evidence that in late 1965 the Chinese genuinely entertained these fears; but that was several months before the Cultural Revolution and the Red Guards became major phenomena. There is also now strong evidence that these fears no longer dominate the minds of China's leaders. It may be, in fact,

*Lin Piao*

that the Cultural Revolution and its inevitable disruption of many organizations and consequent unsettlement of the public mind could not be risked until the leaders were confident that the danger of war with the United States had greatly receded.

China cannot be expected to renounce, publicly, its support for wars of national liberation; that would be "revisionist." But all current indications point to a growing desire to avoid tiresome foreign commitments ranging from relations with Russia to the support of Communist movements in Asia and elsewhere. This, too, is intelligible in terms of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. The Communist Party in China itself had first to find and secure a strong base: Kiangsi proving a failure, The Long March brought the party to far-off Yenan. Aided by predictable outside pressures upon the enemy (the Kuomintang), the Japanese invasion enabled the Communists to secure very wide public support and clandestine control of vast areas of so-called Japanese occupied territory. After being for more than ten years based on Yenan, the party was strong enough to enter the open contest for power, and to win it. Today the attempt to wrest control of the Communist world from Russia has failed; the expectation of widespread Communist revolutions or coups in Southeast Asia is fading; it is once more a time to consolidate the base and wait for the inevitable change in the situation; for by definition, the situation must change, and in favor of Communist aspirations. But this may take several years. Mao can devote his last years and strength to making sure that the nation is set on the right road and that doubtful, bourgeois and revisionist elements are eliminated. The real aim is long term, and he will not live to see it; the immediate task is vital and must be completed swiftly; it is only in this sense that Mao Tse-tung is an old man in a hurry.



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# THE RIGHT HAS NINE LIVES

**FRED J. COOK**
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The 1964 election, which was supposed to have settled the matter, in retrospect settled nothing. The direct confrontation between inimical political faiths—liberal and ultraconservative—resulted in a historical election disaster for the radical Right, and the natural prevalent tendency was to say, "well, that takes care of *that*." Only it didn't. The radical Right flourishes today as vigorously as ever, and it promises once more to dominate the Republican convention of 1968. What happened?

President Lyndon B. Johnson, widely touted as the wiliest politician of his time, has contributed to this revival by dissipating the greatest consensus in modern American politics over the divisive issue of Vietnam and by his malign genius for creating widespread public mistrust in the credibility and motives of his Administration. But it would be folly to blame the tenacity of the far Right solely on the blunders of the President. The truth is that, buried though it was in the electoral avalanche of 1964, the far-Right movement was never dead. It is indigenous to the American scene in this latter half of the 20th century; and, unlike know-nothing follies of the past, its roots are deep, its power structure awesome.

This reality conflicts with a good deal of wishful thinking, summed up most vividly in "the little old ladies in tennis shoes" wisecrack. The implication was that the radical Right comprised just another bunch of kooks and crackpots, fringe fanatics who didn't really matter. Even so astute an observer of the modern scene as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has been beguiled by this myth into overlooking the depth and permanence of the movement's hold on the body politic. At least three solid bases give the radical Right endurance and stability:

¶ *A broad hold at the grass roots.* Millions of Americans feel threatened and act out their resentments. Some believe themselves menaced by the Negro drive for equality (an emotion that affects the workingman as well as the middle-class resident of suburbia); some couple this racial hatred with a dislike of Jews; some respond with religious fervor to the call for a holy war against communism, and couple every progressive idea intended to make life meaningful in a mass society with Communist ideology. This is the passion base of right-wing radicalism, but it must not be forgotten that it is also an extremely powerful financial base, a resource more significant and more vital than the contributions of H. L. Hunt.

¶ *Powerful financial support from millionaire respectables.* The alliance of the grass roots and the executive suite is fostered by a whole complex of common fears and detestations. Joint concern with the safeguarding of prerogatives impels support of propaganda activities that brainwash the American people, as one observer puts it, "daily, hourly, year in, year out. It never stops."

¶ *A growing sophistication.* The crude appeals to passion and prejudice still go on, but they are now supplemented at the top by a new suavity. This approach appeals to the same basic prejudices, but the message is cloaked in charm and good taste. Television programs are put together with consummate artistry; slick magazines offer good writing and shun Eisenhower-was-a-Communist idiocies; and book clubs aimed at the conservative market whet the appetite with brochures whose style would not shame the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The voice of the grass roots is still to be heard in Gerald L. K. Smith. A recent cover of Smith's *The Cross and the Flag* was emblazoned with three main features, virtually a composite theme song of the radical Right: "LBJ and the Jews," "The Rape of the Church," and "Inside Report on the UN." This is the meat-ax approach, and Gerald L. K. Smith has been peddling it since the early thirties, when he first emerged as a disciple of Huey Long. Though he is no longer the headline figure he was briefly in those years, he is still going strong and does very well financially.

"He's the one man in this field who files meticulous financial reports on all donations over $100," says a spokesman for Group Research in Washington, the liberal-oriented research outfit that keeps an eye on the activities of the radical Right. "His reports show that in the first ten months last year he took in nearly $300,000 for his Christian Nationalist Crusade. Now, you can go through his list of donations, as we have time and again, and you won't recognize more than one or two names in the lot. His contributions come from every state, virtually every county—and from towns so obscure you never heard of them. When you think that he is raising probably better than $300,000 a year from such sources, this spells out to a lot of grass-roots support."

The same kind of backing supports the activities of the Rev. Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. His reports show that in 1965 he took in $1,107,000. Within the past year, Internal Revenue revoked the Christian Crusade's tax-exempt status because of its political activity, but Hargis insists the revocation won't hurt him much because his support comes not primarily from big donors eager to claim a charity tax exemption but from a number of small believers dedicated to the cause. "Hargis doesn't file the kind of reports Smith does," says the Group Research investigator, "but from all we can learn, we are inclined to believe that he is right in this contention."

Just what kind of people make up this army of the fearful and discontented on whom Gerald L. K. Smith and Billy James Hargis and Robert Welch rely for support? A fairly typical example, anonymous but by no means imaginary, is a solid family man in a New Jersey suburb, whom we'll call Joe. Joe is an expert engineer-technician who makes a reasonably good living by repairing and servicing some of the gadgets of our industrialized society. Married, the father of two children, he owns his own home, and he and his wife are sober, industrious people. Joe likes to fish, likes to get out in the country; and when he takes a vacation, he and his wife



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pack up the kids and go off to some fairly isolated spot where man has not yet completely ruined nature. Here, almost anyone would say, are fine people: solid, substantial, down-to-earth, nothing phony about them.

Yet to Joe and his wife, it is clear that something is drastically wrong in modern America. Every time there is a race riot in Los Angeles, Joe becomes more convinced that the Negro "must be put in his place." He is incensed by what he considers the coddling of the Negroes in our cities, and he feels ever more certain that there is too much compromise, too much political wooing of the Negro vote. As he expresses it, Americans don't have the guts to stand up and fight for their heritage any more. Joe strongly suspects that the reason they don't is that their will and determination have been insidiously undermined by a creeping socialism, masquerading as liberalism, and that it will take drastic action to reverse the trend. So he and his wife believe that Robert Welch and his Birch Society are right, that they see the modern world realistically; and, if you happen to get Joe and his wife talking about the assassination of John F. Kennedy, you will hear them say: "Well, it was terrible, of course, an awful thing to happen to anyone, but if that was the only way we could get rid of *him*, it was *a good thing*."

No one knows how many Joes there are in modern America, but the success of the radical Right, the flourishing of its myriad organizations, indicates that there must be millions. To keep these millions almost fanatically dedicated, to keep pushing the doctrine into the minds of others not yet infected, requires a never-ceasing barrage of propaganda, and it is here that the second powerful ally, the millionaire reactionary and his controlled corporations, comes to the aid of the grass roots.

H. L. Hunt, the Dallas oil billionaire whose *Facts Forum* and *Life Line* programs were carried by hundreds of radio stations, probably stands as the symbol of this activity in the popular imagination. His new endeavor, *Youth*, consists of some thirty to forty teen-aged evangelists, trained to deliver three-to-four minute patriotic orations to business and civic clubs. Hunt's prominence as an angel of the radical Right has tended somewhat to obscure the fact that he is only one among many, and that he probably spends a lot less of his own money for the cause than do some others.

General Electric, for example, helped to underwrite Harding College in Searcy, Ark., as a right-wing brain trust and first put Ronald Reagan on the after-dinner circuit, polishing up the cowboy for the governor's chair. Allen-Bradley, of Milwaukee, helped to underwrite Dr. Fred C. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade (still doing well, with an income that ranges from $600,000 to about $750,000 a year). Because many reports are incomplete, it is impossible to document the full extent of such financing, but Group Research staffers have become convinced that large corporate and foundation support of the radical Right is increasing. Occasionally an isolated event suggests the magnitude of this support. For example, Dallas Bedford Lewis, the head of the Doctor Ross Dog Food Company, had been for many years a financial pillar of the radical Right. When he died recently, he left a will, which his widow is now contesting, bequeathing $1 million each to the John Birch Society and to Dan Smoot.

Among the living, kicking angels of the radical Right probably none is more important today that Patrick J. Frawley. Frawley built Papermate Pen into a property that he later sold to Gillette for $15.5 million; he then took the controlling power in Eversharp, Inc., and the Schick Safety Razor Company. Since 1961, he has been chairman of the board of Technicolor, Inc., where his vice president was a former Hollywood hoofer named George Murphy, now the junior U.S. Senator from California, and still listed as a director of Technicolor.

Frawley first came to public notice as an important supporter of the radical Right in 1960 and 1961, when he joined forces with Dr. Schwarz in producing the "Greater Los Angeles School of Anti-Communism." In October, 1961, Frawley's firms picked up the tab for a three-hour telecast of a star-studded extravaganza from the Hollywood Bowl, billed as "Hollywood's Answer to Communism."

During the 1964 election campaign, Frawley sent 40,000 copies of Phyllis Schlafly's book, *A Choice Not an Echo*, to Catholic priests throughout the nation. In a covering letter on Schick stationery, Frawley wrote: "I am convinced that how we Catholics vote on November 3 will decide not only the future of America but also the future of five hundred million Catholics and of the whole free world."

The Goldwater debacle did not convince Frawley that the final word had been spoken; indeed, it seems only to have inspired him to mightier endeavors. In a study of his activities on June 24, 1966, *The Wall Street Journal* quoted him as saying that he gives away his annual income of "several hundred thousand dollars," and it enumerated, as follows, some of the causes that feed on this bankroll:

¶ Frawley sends $5,000 a year to each of five groups which "fight communism full time," one of these being Dr. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

¶ Eversharp pays $20,000 monthly for a daily five-minute radio program about the cold war produced by the American Security Council and aired on 1,000 stations across the nation. Frawley's companies have also put up $100,000 for an ASC-sponsored contest on how businessmen can fight more effectively against communism.

¶ Eversharp paid $175,000 in 1965 to telecast over N.B.C. the awards ball of the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, and it contributes regularly to the foundation.

¶ Eversharp backs the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation and the Jewish Council Against Communism.

¶ Eversharp and Frawley have backed the Moral Re-Armament telecast, "Up With People," which has been shown five times a week in some fifty cities. The *Journal* estimated that this sponsorship has cost the companies at least $150,000.

This is not the sum of Frawley's ultra-Right activities. Through the advertising budgets of his companies he contributes to a variety of periodicals. William Buckley's *National Review* often gets a full-page advertisement,



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usually either the inside back cover or a page at center spread; half-page ads go into *The Wanderer*, a lay Catholic weekly of highly conservative content published in St. Paul, Minn. Far larger advertising sums go to *Pace*, a slick-paper, imitation *Life*, aimed at the college and young-family market. *Pace* would solve the complex problems of the modern world by reliance on the eternal verities of God, Motherhood, Morality and Country. It is Ronald Reagan in slick prose and upbeat pictures of young, 100 per cent Americans, and for this Schick, Eversharp and Technicolor regularly contribute 3 or 4 full pages of advertising, including the inside front cover and often both sides of the back cover.

Of all Frawley's activities, the one that undoubtedly reaches the greatest audience is the daily radio broadcast of the American Security Council. The ASC was founded in 1955 by a group of former FBI men to keep tabs on employees in American industry and to watch out for "Communist and other statist activities." In other words, it is a private loyalty-clearance outfit, and for its services in protecting American industry from the intellectually wayward, or potentially wayward, some 3,500 companies regularly contribute about $250,000 annually. ASC's ties with the far Right have always been close. Loyd Wright, the militant California rightist, sits on its advisory board, and Gen. Robert E. Wood, former head of Sears, Roebuck, and backer of right-wing causes, sent out a special fund appeal in 1964. In recent years, the ASC has expanded its interests to include cold-war indoctrination and advocacy of a "hard-line" foreign policy. Editors of the program are Dr. Walter H. Judd, the former ultraconservative Republican Congressman from Minnesota, and Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, the almost equally conservative Democrat from Connecticut.

Advertisements for up-coming programs are frequently taken in local newspapers. In Washington, in the last full week of January, this was the fare that was being advertised: January 23, Dr. Judd—"Soviet Union: No. 2 on the High Seas"; January 24, Dr. Judd, interview with Dr. Lev Dobriansky—"Korea's Economic Progress"; January 25, Dr. Judd—"Soviet Version of Island Hopping"; January 25, Dr. Judd, interview with Dr. Georgi Dimitrov—"Tito's Release of Djilas"; January 27, Dr. Judd—"The Africans We Heed." Another week's programs featured a couple of performances by Senator Dodd, one on "Peiping and Hanoi," the second on "Communist Attack on Chancellor Kiesinger." The titles indicate the slant of a program beamed five days a week from coast to coast; aired by stations in Alaska, Hawaii, Guam and Puerto Rico; carried overseas by Radio Free Europe and the Armed Forces Radio.

Frawley's one-man crusade is only a single instance of the heavy financial underwriting of the radical Right. The leading organization in financing, power and influence remains the John Birch Society. When the society was founded in late 1958, it had the backing of ultraconservative businessmen, including former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers; it still has that kind of support. Robert Welch had hoped to operate on a budget of $6 million in 1966; he had to be content, he has said, with a mere $5 million—a figure that is still $2 million above the society's revenues for the previous year.

In the world of the Birch Society nothing has changed. Welch, who at one point pretended to be withdrawing from active control, remains the dictator of his monolithic organization. He continues to see Reds and subversives everywhere. The United States, he estimates, is now 60 to 80 per cent controlled, and is surrounded by a world-embracing sea of Red. Despite the alleged pervasiveness of the menace, it has been seemingly powerless against the Birchers. In New York City last year, they won a controversy over the right of their members to belong to the police force, and they followed this up by playing an important role in the November defeat of the Civilian Review Board proposal.

On the national scene, the society was more active than ever. It put together a new, fifteen-minute weekly radio program that was being heard over 176 stations at the end of October. ORFIT, the Organization for Repeal of Federal Income Taxes, was made an affiliate. Civil Rights Seminars were sponsored locally with the help of Birch staffers. The Jewish Society of Americanists, composed entirely of Jewish members of the John Birch Society—the Birch ghetto, you might say—was organized and started a newsletter. A front called TRAIN—To Restore American Independence Now—was organized to promote the society's long-standing objective of getting the U.S. out of the UN, and vice versa, and a film strip denouncing the UN was produced. Two other films hammered hard at pet Birch Society hates. *Show Biz in the Streets* attacked street demonstrations by students and by civil rights and migratory workers; *Anarchy USA* attacked what it called "the civil rights fraud" and concluded that civil rights leaders were "simply part of a world-wide movement directed by Communists to enslave the world." On top of all this, Welch announced in Los Angeles in mid-January that he is really going to steam up the Birchers' long-standing campaign to impeach Chief Justice Earl Warren. On the foreign scene, he views the Vietnamese War as a devious liberal plot. We ought "to get it over with," he says, and argues that the Johnson Administration doesn't really want to win—it wants to keep the war going so that it can impose rationing and rigid wage and economic controls, subjugating all of us.

Old, hard liners like the Birch Society are being abetted by a number of new organizations devoted to the task of intellectual propagandizing. Probably the most important of these is Constructive Action, Inc., founded in Whittier, Calif., in early 1963. According to one of its brochures, "The basic objective of Constructive Action, Inc., is to provide the American public with educational materials alerting them to the threat of Socialist and Communist inroads in our American institutions and to the erosion of our personal freedoms by advocates of the welfare state."

M. W. Brainard, a retired engineer and corporation president, formed Constructive Action and became its president. He was also a trustee of the Americanism Educational League, and an important contributor to Howard Kershner's Christian Freedom Foundation. Right-



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wing doctors, lawyers and educators were on the board of Constructive Action, and so was Walter Knott, proprietor of Knott's Berry Farm.

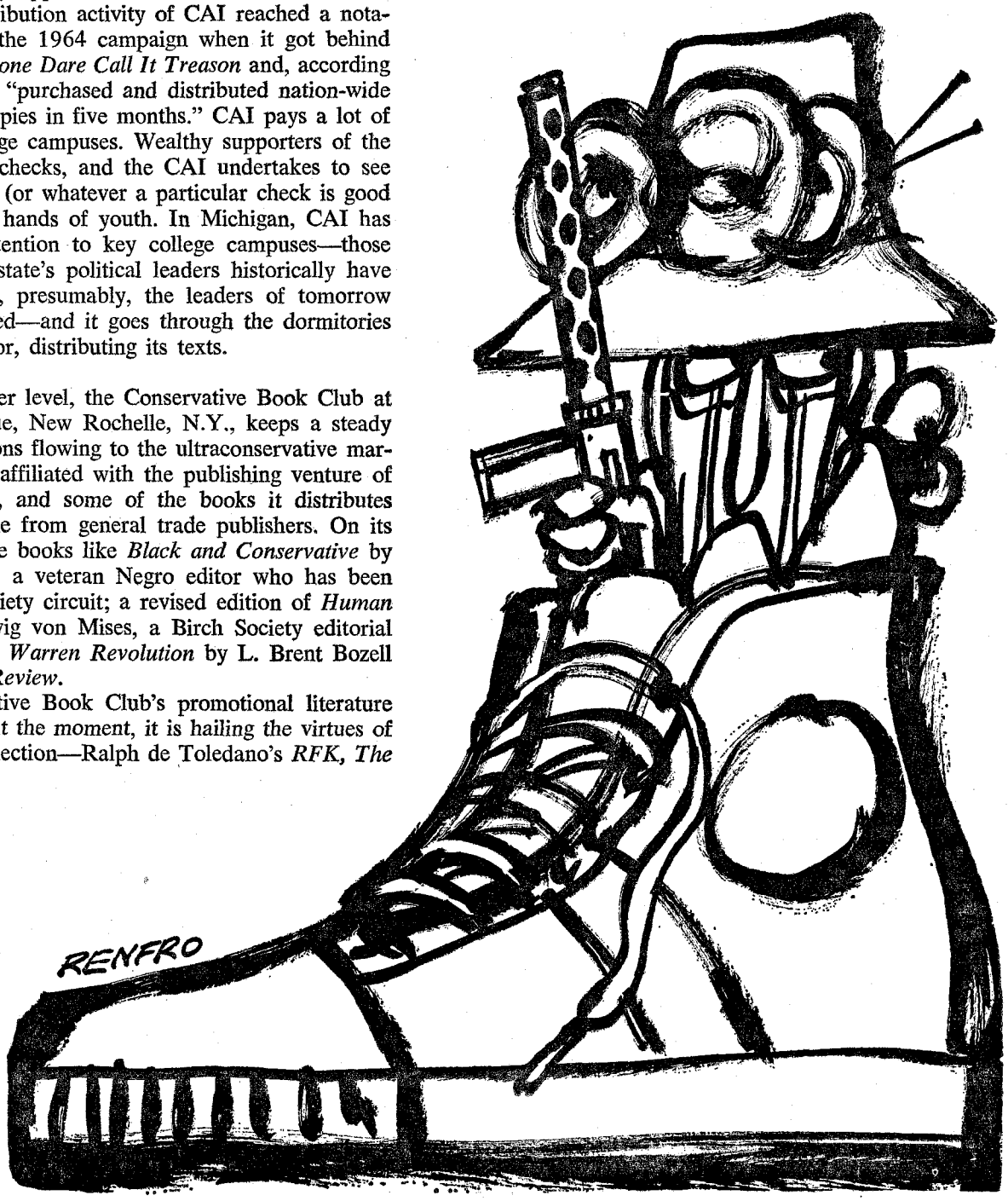
Constructive Action aimed from the start at getting the widest possible distribution for the periodicals and books of the radical Right. It offered to supply the waiting rooms of doctors, dentists, lawyers and professional people with reading racks loaded with such materials. *Human Events*, the ultraconservative Washington newsletter, became a major display on these racks, and a check showed that, of the fourteen periodicals with which CAI regularly stocked waiting rooms, seven were on the "approved list" of the John Birch Society; of the forty-seven "basic" book titles it distributed, thirty-seven had won Birch Society approval.

The book distribution activity of CAI reached a notable peak during the 1964 campaign when it got behind John Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason* and, according to its own claim, "purchased and distributed nation-wide over 2 million copies in five months." CAI pays a lot of attention to college campuses. Wealthy supporters of the movement write checks, and the CAI undertakes to see that 1,000 books (or whatever a particular check is good for) get into the hands of youth. In Michigan, CAI has paid a lot of attention to key college campuses—those from which the state's political leaders historically have come and where, presumably, the leaders of tomorrow are being educated—and it goes through the dormitories from door to door, distributing its texts.

On another level, the Conservative Book Club at 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y., keeps a steady stream of selections flowing to the ultraconservative market. The club is affiliated with the publishing venture of Arlington House, and some of the books it distributes are its own, some from general trade publishers. On its list last year were books like *Black and Conservative* by George Schuyler, a veteran Negro editor who has been on the Birch Society circuit; a revised edition of *Human Action*, by Ludwig von Mises, a Birch Society editorial adviser; and *The Warren Revolution* by L. Brent Bozell of the *National Review*.

The Conservative Book Club's promotional literature is well written. At the moment, it is hailing the virtues of a forthcoming selection—Ralph de Toledano's *RFK, The Man Who Would Be President*. The come-on blurb says in part, "Bobby Kennedy Is Driving for the White House. Could Our Country Survive Him?"

The cumulative effect of this propaganda blitz is felt in two principal ways: at the polls and in insidious influence in Congress. The election of 1966 was like a shot of adrenalin for the radical Right. Though notable Republican victories were scored by moderates—Percy in Illinois, Hatfield in Oregon, Brooke in Massachusetts—the tide throughout the nation appeared to be overwhelmingly conservative. Group Research specialists emphasize that not a single spokesman for the extreme Right went down to defeat in an election in which the bodies of liberal Democrats were left cluttering the landscape. Americans for Constitutional Action, billed as the counter-



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poise for Americans for Democratic Action, but a group that interlocks with the John Birch Society, claimed that 180 of the 225 candidates it either endorsed or actively supported won election in 1966, a score of 80 per cent. Of the 121 Congressmen up for re-election who had ACA ratings of 60 per cent or better, only one was defeated—and he was Glenn Andrews, a Republican running in an Alabama district. And California, of course, produced the great and dramatic triumph that is making the radical Right drool: Ronald Reagan, the B-movie actor with the handsome profile and the bland and vague morality program, trounced liberal Edmund Brown.

In Congress, this money, propaganda and demonstrated power at the polls translate into influence at many levels. One of the most striking examples of its force may be found in the story of the continuing, nearly three-year stall of the consular treaty with the Soviet Union. This treaty, signed in Moscow in June, 1964, has been checked in the Senate by a barrage of mail and telegrams spawned by a Washington outfit known as the Liberty Lobby, aided by certain *émigré* groups. The lobby, with headquarters located almost in the shadow of the Capitol, hopped on the issue almost the instant the treaty was drafted, proclaiming in its July, 1964, *Liberty Letter*: "SECRET LBJ TREATY DANGEROUS RED PLOT." The letter declared: "Johnson and his friends in the State Department *cannot* establish this espionage network for the Soviet Union." Senate ratification of the treaty, it pointed out, was necessary, and so the Senate "must become again the battlefield where patriots can resist." This diatribe, with its implication that even the President was little more than a stooge for the Red conspiracy, was widely distributed by Goldwater supporters during the 1964 campaign.

Despite the Goldwater disaster, the Liberty Lobby has prospered. In 1963, it operated with a budget of less than $65,000, but in 1965 it reported revenues of $434,239, a figure, it was estimated, that put it in the ranks of the top ten radical-Right organizations. The founder and moving spirit of the Liberty Lobby is Willis Carto, a Californian who worked briefly in Birch Society headquarters in Belmont, Mass., and has long been associated with rightist causes. An indication of his thinking may be found in his proposal that all Negroes be shipped back to Africa.

Actually, all the treaty does is establish a legal framework for resuming consular relations between the two nations; by so doing, it would give Americans traveling in Russia a degree of protection they do not now have. Though the treaty does not stipulate the opening of new consulates, it is the general understanding that one new consulate, staffed by some ten to fifteen Russians, would be opened here, and that the United States would open a similar consulate in Russia.

Relying on a letter from J. Edgar Hoover that seemed to say such an arrangement would throw open the doors to Soviet espionage, the Liberty Lobby laid siege to the Senate. The treaty, reported out favorably by a 2-to-1 margin in the Foreign Relations Committee in 1965, never got to a vote. It was similarly sidetracked last year, and in the current session of Congress the propaganda began again, with some writers even contending that Russian diplomats could bring in enough atom bombs in their diplomatic pouches to cripple the nation.

This frenzy finally became too much for the moderate Republicans in the Senate, and Sens. Thruston B. Morton, of Kentucky, and Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, denounced what they called "professionally inspired hate mail." Morton added: "This avalanche is largely the result of a carefully planned and well-financed 'big-lie' operation designed by paranoids and fear mongers." With Republicans calling for strong Presidential leadership to get the treaty through, President Johnson got Hoover to say that he guessed his FBI could keep tabs on another ten to fifteen Russian diplomats without collapsing from overwork. As of this writing, it seems that the treaty will soon be ratified—after more than two years of unscrupulous obstruction.

In many other ways far more subtle, the influence of the radical Right is already making itself felt in this 90th Congress. Drew Pearson, for example, has called the infiltration of Congressional staffs by radical rightists "the most serious threat to democracy since the Communists infiltrated political-front organizations and labor unions in the 1930s." He has charged that half the South Carolina delegation is "infected with the virus," and he has accused the office of Rep. Mike Feighan (D., Ohio) of trying to help Frank Capell, the right-wing pamphleteer who was convicted in the ugly smear of Sen. Thomas Kuchel, the liberal Republican from California. Capell's latest production is a pamphlet accusing Communists of killing actress Marilyn Monroe to cover up an affair she was alleged to be having with Sen. Robert Kennedy. So far does the radical Right go.

On more obvious levels, radical-Right influence shows in the power structure of the Republican Party. Rep. Melvin R. Laird, the conservative who played a major role in writing the Goldwater platform of 1964, still heads the powerful policy committee of the House; and in the Senate, George Murphy, Frawley's side-kick in Technicolor, has been jumped into a sensitive command post—chairman of the Republican Senate Finance Committee. The chairmanship of this committee on both the Republican and Democratic sides of the Senate carries enormous power; both the late John F. Kennedy and Barry Goldwater used it to solidify their positions with party leaders across the country and collect the IOUs that made their later Presidential nominations possible. Therefore, it is no insignificant matter when Senator Murphy, only two years in office, is elevated over the heads of party veterans and given the reins of the committee that will collect and distribute funds for the Senatorial contests of 1968. It can hardly be good news for a liberal like Tom Kuchel who faces the battle of his political life in California.

Nor is there much reason for anyone to look forward optimistically to the Presidential contest of 1968. In that election the Republican Party, if it is to justify its existence, must give the voters a valid choice. But already the cards are stacked. The rightists who seized control in San Francisco in 1964 have so arranged matters that the largest single bloc of delegates (356 out of 1,333) will



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come from the South, which is Goldwater and radical-Right territory. To this steam roller will be added California, the nation's most prosperous state. Further inroads have been made into the party structure in the Far West and the Midwest. The Young Republicans are still securely in the hands of the radical Right; the ultras' influence with women's groups in the party remains strong. It will take a virtual miracle to nominate a moderate like Gov. George Romney, of Michigan. As of now, it looks as though it will be much easier, and much more likely, for the Republicans to nominate that new-new-new man of the people, Richard Milhous Nixon.

# THE CYBERNETICS OF BLUNDER

**MORDECAI ROSHWALD**
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Contrary to popular belief, science is simpler, less complex, less sophisticated, than reality. It is true, of course, that scientific formulas may prove quite intricate; this, however, does not mean that the things they try to formulate, including situations produced by laymen, are less complex. It is the attempt to generalize that makes for the intricacy of science, yet its intricacy is no guarantee of reliability: the particular, the unique, may well escape the net of the formula, however finely knotted it may seem. In the realm of political affairs, the net has had singularly big holes, while the situations retain an unusual degree of individuality. In other words: the generalizations are too broad to net the phenomena. No wonder that such a peculiar situation as that of Vietnam slips through the net.

Modern social scientists—in their attempt to be scientific, to grasp reality in general formulas—incline to think in models. When you ask a social scientist today why Nation A wages war on, or makes peace with, Nation B, do not expect an answer "because of economic interests," or "because of traditional hostility" or "because of man's insanity." Such answers are regarded as fit for a journalist or a philosopher. The scientist will tell you it is all bound up with *the decision-making process.* Only very few people seem to realize that this phrase means no more than that decisions in politics are made, and that there are agents who make them. Most laymen—and not a few nonlaymen—seem to believe that the answer is one of substance and that a formula exists which really explains *how* decisions are made. And if one finds it difficult to understand how a single formula can encompass decision making in such diverse countries as the United States, Russia, China, Congo and Vietnam, there is always the consolation that what is difficult for men is a mere child's game for electronic computers.

It is hard to know to what extent computers have participated in making decisions in various decision-making situations concerning the war in Vietnam, but it is a fair guess that the computer *mentality* has had a considerable impact on the involvement in Southeast Asia. This mentality implies that one can rely on science and ignore common sense, that one should trust theory and forget about reality, that there are objective answers which dwarf the significance of subjective experiences. The domino theory, the game theory, the escalation model, are all expressions of this sophisticated credulity.

Nobody has tested the domino theory yet, though one could be suspicious of a model which is based not even on the domino game but on the way a 3-year-old child plays with dominoes. So far the nations of Southeast Asia have shaped their policies with a rather un-domino-like individuality, if we bear in mind Indonesia, Cambodia and some other examples.

The slightly more sophisticated notion that in a conflict between a superpower and an underdeveloped, small nation, all the trump cards are in the hand of the mighty is another case of naïveté. The game theorists and their credulous flock simply forget that human beings—for better or worse—do not behave according to rules, however logical. Human beings, especially in the dangerous game of politics, do not behave rationally—if they did, there would have been no wars in the first place. Some people, and nations, prefer martyrdom—however absurd it may be—to peace. Some people, and nations, are sensitive on points of honor. Some are not sportsmanlike at all, and prove bad losers. You can play chess with someone who accepts the rules, but if he ignores them, there is no way of predicting the outcome of a game, even if one party has a crucial advantage. For without rules the game ceases to be one, as the Vietnamese situation proves.

The naive acceptance of the game theory as a pattern for dealing with international conflicts may be not only due to the credulity of politicians and generals in the omnipotence of the new science; it may also stem from the American pattern of social and economic life, which fits into and reinforces the concepts of game theory. This pattern is well known: competition within the framework of law, i.e., accepted rules. If the small business goes under because the corporation is stronger and has escalated competition by de-escalating prices beyond the resistance power of the small firm, this surely should apply to the conflict between U.S.A., Inc. and Uncle Ho's grocery store. The trouble is that Uncle Ho does not abide by the rules. Possibly, he may be thinking in altogether different concepts, though having been to the West, may express them in "models" as well. His model, one would guess, is the rice paddy, or swamp: the heavier your boots, the deeper you sink. This may make him conclude—at his own peril—that the barefoot Vietnamese



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have an edge over the well-shod soldiers of the richest and best-equipped army in the world.

The blunder is here and one can only express a belated wish that the policy planners and decision makers had had the sense to ponder about the mentality of their potential adversary and the social and political realities of Indo-China, before plunging into the conflict, confident in their superiority and confiding in computers and game-theory specialists. Had they read, carefully, Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*, instead of relying on mechanical computer logic, they might have sensed the subtleties of the political arena in Southeast Asia. But then Greene is a novelist, an artist with an instinct for the unique and peculiar—not a scientist who carries the universal answer in a simple formula.

That belated advice to politicians applies also in a democracy to the ordinary citizens. To ponder about the other side, without thinking of oneself as the ultimate model of humanity, would have spelled more caution. The mere pondering and thinking about a political situation, instead of relying on conflict specialists and electronic brains, would have led to more public interest, more public knowledge, and less obscurity and apathy. Even the present suspicions about the credibility of the President, which are the expression of a residual common sense in the populace, need not have become so deep, had there been a continuous interest in and knowledge of the situation.

Whether these attitudes—of politicians and citizens—would have prevented the present blunder is hard to know. What is now more important—they may prevent similar blunders in the future.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 7

# LIFE IN THE INSTANT CITIES

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Well over 100 New Towns of one description or another are presently under construction or in the planning stage in the United States. More than one-third of them are in California, and it is likely that the state will continue to dominate these efforts at shoring up the disintegration of American cities. California's seemingly uncheckable population boom; its citizens' masochistic fascination with the agony of freeway commuting; the pre-eminence in California's economy of light industry which can locate almost anywhere; the vast accessibility of California land to speculators and private developers—these factors will probably continue to invite and encourage New Town and satellite city developments in California.

There is also the fact that urban sprawl and blight seem to be far more hideously advanced in California than any place else on earth. In many cases the destruction has been for nothing better than to create ghost towns. In some of the cheaper and more hideous San Francisco Bay Area tracts (they bear names like "Tropicana Village" or "Eden Roc" or "Olé!") down payments and terms are so low that transient families can buy, move in, dilapidate, then abandon the property and vanish. It is no secret that many areas of California are grossly overbuilt with such tracts and that both savings and loans associations and developers are sweating to save sour investments. (See "The Easy Lenders" by Michael Harris; *The Nation,* August 22, 1966.)

As of today, nothing worth mentioning in the way of an enforceable official program or an active public agency stands in the path of this state-wide devastation. So, by default, the very few efforts to plan and direct the chaotic growth of California have emerged from the real estate interests themselves. It is certainly the most significant single aspect of the New Towns—not only in California but across the nation—that they are the product of private planning and investment. In marked contrast to the British and Scandinavian New Towns, most of which have been government undertakings from first to last, the American New Towns are an effort by private capital to solve the problems of urban decay. One might suspect from the outset that in this instance as in so many others, public good and private gain won't mix, and that no better than a bad compromise between the two will result.

The two most ambitious New Towns now under construction in California are Foster City, located about 20 miles south of San Francisco on the San Francisco peninsula, and Valencia, in the San Fernando Valley, north of Los Angeles. Another as yet unnamed town, which is far larger and in some respects more interesting than either of these, but which is still very much in the planning stage, will rise on the 88,000-acre Irvine Ranch east of Los Angeles, and will use a new branch of the University of California as the economic core for its projected 500,000 population. Most of the other California New Towns are either little more than glorified housing tracts-*cum*-shopping centers, or well-to-do old folks' towns, like the various Leisure World developments, and are too trivial or too eccentric to merit attention as efforts at city planning.

But both Valencia and Foster City are comparable to Robert Simon's Reston in Virginia and James Rouse's Columbia in Maryland. [See Architecture columns by Ervin Galantay, *The Nation,* December 12 and 26, 1966.] They purport to be conscientious attempts to inhibit urban blight by achieving Ebenezer Howard's vision of the garden city. Indeed, Howard's idea of the self-contained satellite town—totally planned from the beginning, embracing all the vital services of a community and sup-



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ported by its own economic base—is frequently referred to in the literature for both towns.

Valencia, whose designer is Victor Gruen and Associates, is the more grandiose effort of the two; Foster City is further along in the building (4,000 people are already living there). The site for Valencia is the 44,000-acre Newhall ranch, about 20 miles north of Burbank and presently inhabited by many cattle and a few hundred oil wells. The plans call for a city of 200,000 to 250,000 population by 1990, largely supported by its own industrial park. This, along with the projected Irvine, is by far the largest New Town development in America, dwarfing even Reston which is planned for 75,000 inhabitants on 6,750 acres, and at least six times as large as Foster City, which is expected to have a population of only 35,000 on 2,600 acres by 1974. (Foster City more nearly approaches the dimensions of Howard's model, which was planned for 32,000 people.)

Foster City takes its uninspired but no doubt ego-gratifying name from T. Jack Foster, an Oklahoma land developer. In the early 1960s, Foster bought Brewer Island, a swampy grazing area in San Francisco Bay just east of San Mateo, filled it in here and there, diked it to form lagoons and canals, and set about investing half a billion dollars in "a new kind of metropolis, pre-planned every step of the way." The gushing promotional literature for Foster City insists on exaggerating the community into a "metropolis" when it isn't calling it a "dream."

Nevertheless, Foster City requires attention because it is an example of what the New Town concept has come to mean among private builders—and through them to the public at large. It was, for example, the subject of a special and very ambitious exhibition in 1965 at the San Francisco Museum of Art; therefore, to a large part of the Bay Area public it exemplifies the New Town idea. Unfortunately, the first thing one notes about the project is the amount of Madison Avenue persuasion that envelops what offers itself as a sober attempt to solve a major social problem. This viewpoint is also symptomatic of many of the gravest weaknesses of profit-based town planning.

But before turning to those weaknesses, what is there to be said in favor of instant cities like Valencia and Foster City? I think there are two points to be credited to their planners (both sites boast of having been two whole years in the planning). To begin with (as at Reston and Columbia), a deliberate effort has been made, at least in theory, to break away from the depressing dormitory surburb, and to turn instead toward a more organically planned community. The Valencia developers put it this way:

> Parts of the Valley could be profitably turned over to tract developers and become an extension, in style and function, of the variegated sub-cities and "bedroom" towns of the San Fernando Valley. Or they [the developers] could elect to create an island of reason in the path of the metropolitan sprawl. . . . Once having rejected the attractions of the conventional sub-division, the builders are committed to a city. A city which will never need the violent therapy of rebuilding.

This means that Foster City and Valencia hope to see a major portion of their populations employed in local business and industry. So a large portion of each site has been set aside for industrial parks. Of the first 4,000 acres of Valencia to be developed, a concentrated 600 acres will go to industrial uses. Of the 2,600 initial acres of Foster City now under development, 310 are reserved for industry. I believe that autonomy will prove difficult to achieve, but it is commendable that, at least on the drawing board, developers recognize the need to dam up the urban sprawl and to diminish commuting.

The rest of what is good about the New Towns can be summed up under the heading of physical planning. One need only survey the plans for Valencia or walk a few streets in Foster City to realize that in these projects private developers have come a long way since Charles Levitt, soon after World War II, set about turning his New Jersey tracts into desolations of fragile and identical match-box homes crowded into a monotonous concrete and asphalt grid. Both Valencia and Foster City have promised to foster variety, recreational space, intelligent traffic control and some sense of neighborhood. On this last point the literature of the two developments reaches high-sounding sociological eloquence. According to Valencia's copywriters:

> Of special concern to the planner of Valencia is an environmental answer to the restoration of *neighborhoods*, those comfortable clusters ideally comprised of compatible humans with similar ideals and goals, which deliberately and by design include both interdependence and privacy. . . .

Thus, at least the physical form of neighborhoods has been drawn into the plans of the New Towns. The main civic center of Valencia is to be surrounded by "villages," each with a population of 6,000; and each village is to be composed of "neighborhoods" of 200 to 700. Foster City will comprise nine "neighborhoods" of about 4,000 each. It must be noted, however (I shall come back to this point), that these smaller component communities are defined almost entirely by their physical planning, not by social integrity.

As for variety and visual appeal, the towns achieve them by providing for a great deal of open space (a very great deal more in the plans for Valencia than for Foster City), parks, malls, riding trails, lakes and lagoons. Auto traffic is intelligently controlled to permit a good deal of uninterrupted foot traffic—especially in Valencia, where, supposedly, children may walk to schools and stores without having to cross streets. Foster City is built around a winding canal which is supposed to carry a certain amount of picturesque boating.

The commercial and residential architecture also contributes to the planned variety. High rise civic centers in Foster City will include two great glass boxes by Mies van der Rohe. Each town is employing a number of domestic builders, and each builder is providing a selection of styles in a broad price range. The base price for homes in both towns will apparently be $22,000-$25,000 (this for very "compact" homes, apparently intended for "retired couples"), and will slope up steeply from there to perhaps $60,000 homes in Foster City



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and what are called "estate-size ranchos" in Valencia. There are also apartment house accommodations in both towns. These are lavish "garden apartment" arrangements (clusters of buildings connected by lawn and built around a clublike recreation center: pool, sauna bath, putting green, etc.). Rentals for two-bedroom apartments rise from just above $200 per month.

One sees at once that whatever architectural variety is produced, the price range screens out one kind of social variety: low-income families. Foster City speaks of "a balanced community," but it will cater, as do most New Towns, to the middle, upper-middle class. (The price range in Reston is $27,000 to $46,000.)

Finally, to finish off what there is to be said in behalf of physical planning: all the basic facilities of the towns have been established in advance of the building. Both towns will provide sewers, not septic tanks, and have buried their power lines. Such are the best points in the plans for Valencia and Foster City. Added up, they promise prospective inhabitants—and this is by far the major emphasis of all the literature for the two towns—a life of self-contained comfort, active leisure, lavish recreation, luxury and status. The promotional pictures show us happy families setting out for an afternoon sail on the lake or lagoon, children scampering barefoot through groves of fruit trees, housewives strolling about elegant shopping centers, patio barbecues, esplanades, horseback riding, swimming-pool parties, "flower-splashed malls," golf courses, tennis courts. . . . "The finest of all possible worlds!" And that, we may take it, is what these New Towns are meant to be all about.

Some of the luster must be rubbed off this sybaritic image at once. The promotional literature leaves many things very much out of its account. For example, Foster City lies just south of San Francisco Airport and directly in the flight pattern. The island of blue lagoons will thus be treated to the stimulating sounds of the jet age by day and night. And when the airport is opened to the new supersonics, the community should acquire all the charm of living next to the old Third Avenue "el" in New York.

The compulsive thrust toward prestige and leisure tends, in Foster City as in most contemporary American housing developments, to undercut economic value. Home construction often sacrifices finish and workmanship, even sensible design, to lavish effects and cut-rate luxury. Builders know that what sells a house these days is the sunken Roman tub, the spacious "family room," the "queen-size" antiqued mirrors, the onyx-tiled entries, the double pullman sinks, the breakfast bar. And the garden apartment designers are probably right in believing that people will forgo adequate soundproofing and privacy to have the inevitable wall-to-wall carpet and garbage disposal. Edward Stone has designed for Foster City a monstrously congested and institutional apartment project called The Commodore (2 bedrooms: $225; 3 bedrooms: $295 per month). But it will doubtless prosper on the lure of its attached putting green and swimming pools. Tenants at the Commodore automatically belong to the "Racquet Club"—"all the fun of a resort combined with the privacy of a fashionable club."

More serious than the skimping on construction is the fact that whenever the mortgage bankers behind the New Towns feel that they must squeeze a nickel, the recreational amenities and the more imaginative architecture prove most vulnerable. Or so I understand from people who have been in on the planning at Valencia—where apparently there have been serious second thoughts about all those big parks and artificial lakes. It will be interesting to see, as village follows village into construction, how the profits of the last development affect the size of plazas and esplanades in the next.

No doubt the physical planning of such developments will always preserve a great deal more in the way of open space, eye appeal and recreation than is found in conventional housing tracts. Still, it is not in the least remarkable that a development pitched at this income level should be able to provide such amenities. After all, a suburban location, most of whose homes sell in the $30,000 to $40,000 bracket, and whose family rentals begin at $225 a month, had better provide a good deal more in the way of setting and conveniences than a "$99-down-moves-you-in" housing tract. The critical question about New Towns like Valencia and Foster City is whether they will be anything *more* than the usual sanitized suburban reservation. Will they help solve the problem of urban decay? Above all, will they overcome the social sameness and malaise of spirit that has come to characterize conventional suburbia?

One begins to sense the underlying ambiguity of Valencia and Foster City as soon as he sees how persistently their promotional literature emphasizes ease of commuting. The towns, one is assured, are never more than 20 or 30 minutes from anywhere one might want to get. Freeways are drawn in heavily on all the plans, and a projected brand-new freeway to San Francisco will apparently run up the bay along the whole eastern side of Foster City. (It is unclear how this freeway will affect those rather expensive properties now fronting the bay, or indeed how it will affect access to the bay for all the city's would-be yachtsmen.)

What is the importance of all these commuting facilities to a "self-contained" town? The answer becomes clear when one does a bit of make-believe house hunting in Foster City. No matter where you say you work, a realtor will tell you that Foster City is "near in," that a great many people in the development are commuting that far and farther. If you want to buy, they want to sell—and who cares about "self-containment"? Can one expect a realtor to turn down a sale because the prospect doesn't plan to work in the nearby industrial park? In brief, who is responsible for making sure that self-containment comes about? Surely one doesn't get self-containment simply because Victor Gruen has drawn a blue area on a map next to a yellow area.

There are other problems about self-containment. In Valencia, the largest single prospective employer at this point is Lockheed, but there is some doubt that Valencia housing will be within reach of many Lockheed em-



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ployees unless the costs fall under $200 per month. And if Lockheed people will have difficulty reaching the base price on housing, what about the thousands whose semi-skilled or unskilled daily labor and services will be indispensable to a town of 200,000? Valencia is not a community in which shop assistants and shipping clerks, repairmen, policemen, firemen, barbers and beauticians, maintenence men, trash collectors, gardeners, bank tellers, service-station attendants and mechanics, waiters and waitresses—or for that matter even lower-paid professionals, such as teachers, nurses or librarians—could expect to live. Where will they live then? Back in the central city? Or perhaps somewhere nearby, in the nearest low- to middle-income tract: Valencia's own suburb? In the absence of careful planning and coordination one can easily imagine two-way commuting every morning: out go all the Valencia breadwinners whose work is not in the industrial park; in comes the cheap help to keep the city serviced. Such a system could certainly work; but it has nothing to do with solving the dilemmas of conurbation and the proliferation of freeways.

One begins to suspect that only under government direction can a real garden city be built. For perhaps only a public agency can successfully coordinate population with industry. (Indeed, in some of the New Towns an indirect helping hand from Washington begins to make self-containment begin to seem feasible. For example, the government has decided to locate a 2,000-man agency in Reston.) Moreover, only government could absorb the costs of setting up in the towns low-income housing that wouldn't be an intolerable eyesore or a potential slum tract from the outset. In the Finnish New Town, Tapiola, excellent family housing is available for purchase at as low as $2,500—with government subsidies.

Even if New Towns like Valencia and Foster City could achieve a fairly high degree of self-containment, that would not in itself make any great contribution to saving our cities. One of the standard criticisms of suburbia is its tendency to select high-income groups out of the core city—along with their taxes and purchasing power—and leave behind the poor and less socially adequate who obviously cannot finance the culture and social services of a major city.

Early last year San Francisco defeated a bond issue that would have provided necessary repairs to the War Memorial Opera House. More recently still, in August, the Actor's Workshop went out of business after fourteen years of distinguished work, and San Francisco is left without a major theatrical company. For a city of 750,000, San Francisco already supports a fair-sized cultural establishment: three major art museums, two opera companies, a symphony orchestra, a ballet company, a major library. And then there are the planetarium, the zoo, the aquarium, the parks and all the secondary educational-cultural paraphernalia that every major urban center is supposed to provide. Even so, the money that was needed to support the workshop and to repair the opera house no doubt exists in San Francisco, and is being put to less worthy uses. But clearly it would be a lot easier to



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get it up if the city could tap the money that is being hoarded in its well-to-do suburbs.

Will a 35,000-population Foster City be able to finance its own repertory theatre? The answer is no. Then is Foster City going to help San Francisco finance that theatre? Again, the answer is no. Foster City's money is earmarked for barbecue pits, sailboats, shopping on the "flower-splashed mall" and the usual distractions of surburban affluence. Now that San Francisco has managed to put together the private and public moneys to support another theatre company, the recently established Actors Conservatory Theatre, one may be sure that Foster City (remember it is only twenty convenient minutes from San Francisco) will want to enjoy it. Just as Foster City will want to send its school kids on excursions to San Francisco's art museums, zoo, planetarium, etc.

Valencia will be much larger, but even a town of 200,000 is not going to finance an adequate cultural establishment. That obviously is why there is so much hoopla about swimming pools and sauna baths and sailboats. They are as much "culture" as mortgage bankers and land developers are prepared to offer—which is one great reason why it is ludicrous to talk of these projects as "cities."

Suburbia's selfishness and parasitism have so often been lambasted that it is remarkable how unaware of this line of criticism the New Town builders seem to be. Lewis Mumford has summed up that criticism by calling the suburb "an asylum for the preservation of illusion." The Valencia and Foster City developers might almost have decided, with a kind of vicious perversity, to turn Mumford's criticism into their primary promotional theme.

And on the problems of urban blight they have nothing to offer. Here and there a heroic philanthropist struggles to rebuild the life of our cities, or the foundations step in, or, of course, the federal government. But neither the Valencia nor the Foster City developers will be able to claim credit for these city-saving efforts. On the contrary, their work runs in the direction of further destroying the balance between urban needs and suburban affluence, and so will do more harm than good.

It is, finally, on the issue of politics that Valencia and Foster City prove most deficient. In his *Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics*, Robert C. Wood has concluded that the fact or illusion of participative, town-meeting politics is what has very largely drawn people from the impersonal cities to the suburb. If that is true, then neither Valencia nor Foster City has cared to pay much attention to Wood. The absolute *last* thing that gets mentioned in their literature is politics, if it gets mentioned at all. One brochure takes up the blessings of Foster City in this order: location, education, shopping, recreation. Some brochures vaguely mention incorporation—it will happen some day, after the developers have finished moving in the industrial component, have determined the social and income composition of the town, and have set aside the land and concessions they intend to retain for themselves or their backers. We never discover the political meaning of the often mentioned "villages" and "neighborhoods." Are they really anything but colored areas on a designer's map, ringing the parks and shopping centers?

I suspect that the style of home that tends to prevail in these communities gives a hint of how significant the idea of neighborhood is. It is a house that ingeniously retreats into itself. The garage fronts on the street, shielding the house behind it. One enters and leaves home by car, through the garage. The front door is often opened by an electric buzzer and leads into a court, beyond which there is another entrance way. The design as a whole focuses on an internal atrium or court. Fences and landscaping further defend the house. It is a self-contained family unit that retreats from the street, the neighborhood, the world. Not insurmountably to be sure, but the mood of such design is obvious enough. (In the Reston development, however, one should note that homes have been clustered in the midst of collective lawns.)

A city whose sense of politics never gets beyond selfish defensiveness, and an obsessive concern for property values, is a sick city. In fact, one of the common diseases of suburbia is to be just independent enough to inhibit intelligent regional planning, but much too weak to prevail against major corporative interests, the military, or even the state highway engineers. In the Bay Area, for example, *all* the communities are far too dependent on military contractors to hold their own politically; but they just manage to frustrate all region-wide efforts to stop the pell-mell filling in and contamination of San Francisco Bay.

As an example of what this political vacuousness leads to, consider only one missed opportunity: Foster City and Valencia would be ideal places to start consumer cooperatives. They are large, closed-off markets, all of whose major services and merchandising could easily be handled by cooperatives: the groceries, department stores, gas stations, garages, movie houses, etc. And instead of banks, there could be credit unions. The result would be a community that not only saved itself a small fortune by preventing the chain stores from absconding with the profits of its consumption but that had some basic control over its economy. And this could lead to an interesting ethos—rather like that prevailing among co-operators in Berkeley, Calif., where consumer co-ops have been stupendously successful. But the developers have already leased to Safeway and Magnin's and Crocker-Anglo Bank, and thus have usurped a basic political decision.

The fact is, one cannot easily imagine what kind of politics can emerge when the New Towns have been developed. Once the basic decisions have been built in, what will the New Town governments decide—except perhaps the date of the local beauty pageant, or whether to rename a few boulevards?

To a certain extent, this usurpation of basic decisions seems to be a problem of even government-developed New Towns. But it ought not to be beyond the capacity

*(Continued on page 350)*



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## The Simplicity Behind the Disguises

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. *Edited by Richard Ellmann. The Viking Press. Vol. II. 472 pp. Vol. III. 584 pp. $25 the set.*

**KEVIN SULLIVAN**
*Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of* Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

*Le grand Joyce*, Andre Gide had called him, and most of the literate world agreed. But when some ten years ago Stuart Gilbert edited a single volume of the letters of Joyce (a new and corrected edition is now published along with Richard Ellmann's two volumes of additional letters), many readers were put off by what seemed the unrelieved ordinariness of the man. Readers, I suppose, had expected that the artist who in his work had deliberately sought "to refine himself out of existence" would in his letters be somehow reassembled as recognizably human—perhaps as more than human. What in fact they encountered was the figure of a harassed but hardheaded businessman who, when the creative fires were banked, devoted his remaining energies to the unremitting, and often unavailing, promotion of his literary properties. This was human enough, all too human, but there was not much grandeur about it. The voice of the artist, when audible at all, came through those letters in the cautious countering tones of the *petit bourgeois*. And a reader, setting aside Gilbert's volume, might have been a little too ready to agree with Joyce's derisive self-assessment that he had, under the borrowed cap of a Milesian, the mind of a grocer's assistant.

But readers of these additional letters, well over 1,000 of them, are not likely to be disappointed. The businessman is still around, but now only as another persona. "We all wear masks," Joyce as a young man had written to Nora Barnacle, and "can you not see the simplicity which is at the back of all my disguises?" In the same letter Joyce had also written "you do not know much of my mind," but Nora must have seen something of it ("simple-minded Jim," she called him); enough anyhow to have risked everything when she was asked and, being a woman of considerable simplicity herself, to have followed him on no more than a kiss and not much of a promise into self-imposed exile. That was the beginning. From then on Nora was the only person to whom Joyce, stepping from behind his mask and dropping all disguises, ever fully revealed himself. The letters in which he does so are among the most important that appear in Ellmann's collection.

Joyce spent most of the latter half of 1909 in Dublin while Nora remained in Trieste—their first prolonged separation since leaving the city together five years before. The letters they exchanged during this period (Nora's have not survived) are, from one point of view, a bizarre exercise in *amor in distans*; from another, a brave but no less bizarre attempt to preserve the sexual integrity of a monogamous union (not officially recorded until twenty years later) without forgoing, despite time and distance, mutual sexual excitation. Written with this purpose in mind, the letters are frankly erotic, the more unrestrained passages illustrating what experts in these matters have technically detailed in their handbooks on sexual pathology and—more relevant perhaps in this case—moral theology. There is nothing in Joyce's work, not even in the Circe or Penelope episodes of *Ulysses*, to match these passages, and where they are equaled in *Finnegans Wake*, the shock is cushioned for the reader, if it is felt at all, by the periphrastic—and prophylactic—ingenuity of the artist's multiple disguises. But though the letters are undisguised and direct in their sexuality, there is little in them likely to shock the modern reader. There are reasons for this.

In the state of benumbed enlightenment that has followed upon the so-called sexual revolution, most readers are, or would like to think themselves, unshockable. At the end of *La Philosophie dans le boudoir*, liberally translated and now generally available, the naïf, Eugenie, chortles ecstatically: "Here I am: at one stroke incestuous, adulterous, sodomite, and all that in a girl who only lost her maidenhead today!" After listening to Eugenie, whom no labor of love could weary, or similar accounts from countless other ladies, titled or plainly wrapped, the simple heterosexual pleasures of James and Nora may seem Arcadian in their innocence. But while Eugenie and her sisters are pornographic abstractions, there is no doubt about the reality of Nora and James Joyce. A reader may be only amused by the vicarious voyeurism of pornography, but he will take a very different view of an actual voyeur at a bedroom window—especially if that window looks like his own.

The problem thus raised in the Joyce correspondence has been tactfully handled by Mr. Ellmann. Not all of Joyce's extant letters to Nora Barnacle are reproduced here, and of those that do appear not all are reproduced in full. This would ordinarily be cause for complaint, but in this instance compliments seem in order. Joyce himself had more than once warned Nora: "Keep my letters to yourself, dear. They are written for you." Or again, "I wired you *Be Careful*. I meant be careful to keep my letters secret. . . ." The surest way of keeping the secret would have been to destroy the letters—as Joyce had apparently destroyed Nora's of that period. Nora, taking Joyce literally, kept the letters (why? one wonders) and, when they turned up in the Mennen Collection at Cornell some years after her death, their secret became readily accessible. At first only to scholars, who have so far exercised notable restraint in their use of them. Ellmann, in making the letters more widely available, has shown similar restraint. This has required both firm judgment and good taste.

The intimate moments in the life of a man and a woman can hardly be thought the concern of anyone else—excepting always the morbidly curious. Their love, which makes them unique, can be of great interest; but their coupling, which makes them like everybody else, strips them in that moment of intimacy of their uniqueness. "Beast gave beast as much," Yeats wrote in one of his later poems, and in another, echoing at a distance La Rochefoucauld's wry aphorism that the sexual act is a mark of the divine irony:

> *But Love has pitched his mansion in*
> *The place of excrement. . . .*

Though as good a case might be made for the divine economy, the simple point to be made here is that human love, whatever else it may be, is not exclu-



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sively or essentially sexual. (At one time "spiritual love" was to Joyce "lying drivel," a judgment that he was to temper and reverse in later years.) And yet the sexuality of an artist, especially of the artist who created Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Bloom, is among the legitimate interests of a critic and the public for whom he writes. Enough of Joyce's correspondence is printed here to satisfy that interest.

The importance of these letters—and of others less startling—is their relevance both to the content of Joyce's work and to the conscience, or moral awareness, that gave the work its form. The first is everywhere discernible. It is apparent in Nora's innocence of syntax and punctuation (in those letters which survived) —a fault happily heightened into art throughout the equally innocent run-along soliloquy of Molly Bloom. It is almost as apparent in the likeness of Martha Fleischmann (with whom Joyce carried on a silly flirtation in Zurich) both to the Martha who is Leopold's amorous pen pal and (Joyce addressed Miss Fleischmann as "Nausicaa" and signed himself "Odysseus") to Gerty McDowell. More speculatively, the cadenced sorrows of Anna Livia Plurabelle hitherandthithering back to the nothingness of the sea may carry in their flow the almost inarticulate anxiety of Joyce and the anguish of his daughter Lucia as that young girl faded gradually from among the living into the shadows of schizophrenia. In this way the letters indicate the matter, or possible matter, that Joyce used in his work. His real work of course was to transform all this into art by raising it to a new plane of intelligibility.

It is important, too, to keep in mind that while he was about this task Joyce was at the same time transforming himself. The man who sketched a draft of *Stephen Hero* was not the same man who wrote *A Portrait*, nor was this man the same as the author of *Exiles* or *Ulysses*, nor the latter the same again as the creator of *Finnegans Wake*. The letters also help to illustrate this other kind of transformation.

Nevertheless, there is a clear consistency in the development of the whole body of Joyce's work—in the movement, for example, from genre to genre: lyric to narrative (and micro- to macro-narrative) to drama to epic to a point, finally, where the epic is resolved again into lyric—that argues not only a singleness of purpose but a oneness of vision. Joyce's gaze does not shift; its object becomes, as the work progresses, more luminous under his gaze. The letters reveal something about this too, though it would require a full-scale study to demonstrate the ways in which the conscience of Joyce—agitated as it is in his letters to Nora—operates in determining the shape and tone of each of his books. At the risk of oversimplification, this can be only suggested.

"Now, my darling Nora," Joyce writes, "I want you to read over all I have written to you. Some of it is ugly, obscene and bestial, some of it is pure and holy and spiritual: all of it is myself." A fair summary. The dichotomy is neat and its resolution, though apparently asserted, is in fact impossible. For Joyce, however greatly he desired it, there could be no reconciliation between his image of Nora as "virgin or madonna" (she is to his manhood, he writes, what the Blessed Virgin was to his boyhood) and his counter-image of her as "fuckbird . . . shameless, insolent, half naked and obscene." He knows fully what he is about: "If this filth I have written insults you bring me to my senses again with the lash as you have done before. God help me!" To Joyce it is filth, to his countryman, Wilde, it would have been the delicious posturing of a pagan, to Freud—old stuff.

"The atmosphere," Ellmann writes in comment on these letters, "is not one of Catholic guilt." Catholics, right enough, have no monopoly on guilt, but Irish Catholics of Joyce's class and background appear historically to have had a notorious predisposition toward just the sort of guilt Ellmann refers to. And the atmosphere, if not Catholic, is certainly one familiar to an old and austere cut of moralist—Augustine ("Grant me, O Lord, chastity—but not yet!") is quick to mind—in the Catholic tradition. Even H. G. Wells, in a letter included in Volume I of this collection, recognized the impact of that tradition—"a monstrous system of contradictions" he called it —upon Joyce. Imagine the latter's bemusement to read in Wells's ferocious scrawl: "You began Catholic. . . . You really believe in chastity, purity and the personal God and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of cunt, shit and hell." Wells, I think, despite his heavy-handedness, was closer to the heart of the matter here. In any event, Joyce, brooding over these contradictions as a young man, thought at times he was going mad.

Joyce preserved his sanity by coming to terms with the impossible. "It is perhaps in art, Nora dearest, that you and I will find a solace for our own love. . . . O take me into your soul of souls and then I will become indeed the poet of my race." Nora was to take little solace from Joyce's art (she never read her copy of *Ulysses*), but through her, or beginning out of his love for her, Joyce was indeed to become the poet of his race. In him the juxtaposition of opposites (in lesser men mere contrarieties) was classical in its simplicity and provided a pattern for the work by which the complexities of experience could be reduced to intelligible order. To superimpose an ideal and essentially incorruptible world upon the "real" and manifestly corrupt world around us is to take a cosmic view of the latter and a comic view of both. Even the gods of Homer were moved to laughter at the sight, and not since the days of Cervantes has a comic artist displayed it in such rich and hilarious detail.

The simplicity which Joyce told Nora lay behind all his disguises is demonstrated in the letters in two ways: in the absolute faith he had in his own genius, and in a complete indifference to everything that could not be made to serve the ends of genius. That faith seems to have been both congenital and consensual; certainly it long antedated any visible proof that it might be justified, and certainly too it won the consent—sometimes amused but always genuine—of men like William Archer and W. B. Yeats and even, it appears, that of the redoubtable Lady Gregory. This explains too the irritation and scorn—amply documented here—that Joyce felt for those who he thought, rightly or wrongly, were obstructing the progress, publication, or appreciation of his work. The feelings approximate paranoia at times, but are just as often

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rerouted in the way of self-mockery.

From those surrounding him he extracted his own form of Peter's pence. Especially heavy tribute was laid upon his brother Stanislaus who quite accurately described their relationship in titling his own book *My Brother's Keeper*. Ezra Pound, who once sent him via T. S. Eliot a parcel containing, unknown to Eliot, a pair of secondhand shoes, saluted the master at another time as "Jhayzus Aloysius Chrysostum," and true to this role the master had in attendance, though at respectful distance, a complement of sometimes rich, always worshipful and generally helpful women. He used them—as he used the self-appointed disciples among his male acquaintainces—always to advance the work in progress. There was neither cynicism nor egotism in this, or at least not so much as would appear had the artist been more, or the art less, durable.

The letters written during the last months of his life have a darker cast than the others. In the summer of 1940 the Germans had engulfed France, and the Joyces, removing from Paris to Saint-Gerand-Le-Puy in unoccupied territory, had apparently hoped to wait out this second war as they had the first in Switzerland. The circumstances, however, both personal and historical, were very different. The Vichy government was less than pleased with the presence of British subjects in its territory, and the Swiss were singularly uncooperative about allowing the Joyces entry into their own. Nearly all of Joyce's time during these last months was given to exhausting attempts, reflected in his letters, to effect this removal.

If he had once signed himself "Job" in mockery, he was now called upon to play this last role in earnest. He was more than half-blind (eleven eye operations in almost as many years) and plagued by sciatica and a duodenal ulcer not diagnosed (his doctors thought it mere "nerves") until the very end. His daughter was in a mental asylum, his son in distress over a broken marriage, and his daughter-in-law—in a state worse than Lucia's—had already been carried off to America. Nora during this time seems to have been in a state of shamed benumbment and of little help in attending to the practical details that wholly occupied Joyce. Meanwhile there was his grandson Stephen in school nearby who had also to be cared for—all of them cut off by the war from friends, funds and (so it was to turn out for Joyce) the future.

The Swiss finally relented and in mid-December the broken family made its way to Zurich. Within a month—on January 13, 1941—Joyce was dead. The tone of the last letters brings us back to another Joyce had written to his son Giorgio some time before: "My eyes are tired. For over half a century, they have gazed into nullity where they have found a lovely nothing."

The ultimate simplicity? Or a last disguise.

# Aging Beautifully

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS (Complete Version). *By Gertrude Stein. Something Else Press. 925 pp. $10.95. Harcourt, Brace & World. $2.95 paper (abridged edition).*

**STEPHEN KOCH**
*Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.*

Gertrude Stein's second major work was a rehaul of the English language in the shape of an immense novel called *The Making of Americans* which, along with Joyce's two important books, is the most extended and successful experiment with the form of the novel and the syntax of English prose that the literature of the early 20th century has to offer. Written in 1907, the complete version was first published in 1925, and promptly went out of print. (Harcourt, Brace published a cut version in 1934, which also went out of print within two years.) The original has remained out of print for forty-two years, while a reputation for unreadability has pestered its obscure existence, as little boys pester an old lady rumored to have been a great sinner. For that reason, the book's reappearance now casts a certain light on the trajectory of a classic through the history of literary style. In *Axel's Castle*, Edmund Wilson confessed that despite his admiration he couldn't get through the book and doubted that anyone could. But Hemingway got through it, probably several times (he corrected the original proofs), and the book obviously constituted for him a 1,000-page lesson in literature. Now that any journalist stuffed in front of a typewriter in a crashing city room has Stein's syntactical revolution at his finger tips—from the "feel" of it—reading this "impossible" book is an odd experience, rather like listening carefully so as not to miss those chords in Beethoven's Third Symphony that made the most refined listeners of the time want to scream.

*The Making of Americans* is not at all unreadable; on the contrary, it is an easily accessible book, written in a plain, simple style which Stein's countless followers have permanently diffused into the air and made a *sound* in English. Moving at a leisurely 100 pages an evening, the reader will sail through the whole thing in a little over a week. The style is very much Stein's own of course; there is no other prose quite like it anywhere, but it is neither new nor surprising. Whatever it once was, *The Making of Americans* is no longer a difficult book. Slipping into the idiom and the quirks of punctuation takes a little concentration, but as soon as the idiosyncracies click, the reader will find himself listening to the vindication of Stein's prophetic ear. Doubtless *The Making of Americans* was once almost impossible. But now, in the way time has with masterpieces, time has made it readable; time has made it go through that change which Stein herself called the fate of all classics—to *become* beautiful.

The reappearance of the book in 1967 is simultaneously exhilarating and depressing, a phenomenon which closely

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resembles the recent American première of Schoenberg's *Moses and Aron* by the Opera Company of Boston, or to carry the analogy to painting, the situation which would exist if New Yorkers were traveling to some obscure suburb of Baltimore, there to see the very first American showing of Matisse.

Writers still have a great deal to learn from Stein—both from her example as an artist, and from the formal properties of her work. Whether they will do so is a different matter; even though it is now set out in shiny blue covers as if it were new, *The Making of Americans* is after all a sixty-year-old classic, and its work in the evolution of style may be completed by now. (Stein's remarkable innovations in narrative technique, however, have never been really taken up by anyone; they are an open and very spacious field.) I hope these shiny blue covers and the words between them encourage some to take heart. For like so much of our own best writing, this monumental work was written underground; its author was a hilarious joke; publishers told her, "but Miss Stein, writing is obviously not your métier." Yet *The Making of Americans* changed people's lives before it was even in print, and for a time it did change the course of the art. It is some satisfaction to know that in a period like our own—so filled with all those novelists and poets who have made the word literature a synonym for boredom—a work like this has managed to survive despite critics and climates, that it has held out as Gertrude Stein herself taught writers to hold out, and that it has now risen to the surface again, as if it were new.


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The novel takes as its subject two families: the Dehnings (of Bridgepoint) and the Hershlands (of a small Midwestern town); these families are brought together when Julia Dehning marries David Hershland. The book "describes" the grandparents, parents, siblings, servants and neighbors of these young people, discusses their marriage and its failure, and ends with a prolonged exploration of the young man, David, who was once spiritually alive and who now dies.

*The Making of Americans* is a novel, but it is only tangentially based on the forms of narrative. Its form, like its language, is based in a kind of discursive, analytic rumination. There is almost no dialogue of any kind, nor is there any of the traditional exposition that describes the town, "paints" the corner drugstore, tells what kind of car Mr. X drives or what brand of cigarettes Madame Y stuffs into her long green holder. The voice of the book is exclusively Gertrude Stein's voice, and she never drops it for a moment to mimic characters directly, though she sometimes quotes them herself with the inflection of someone quoting a friend in conversation.

For this reason, one never experiences the illusion of "seeing reality." One hears only Stein's voice in the act of describing and analyzing. Describing what? States of being, rendered as language. This is sometimes done as quasi-narration:

> Mrs. Hershland and Madeleine Wyman were then for a while then closely in each other's living, Madeleine always then all the rest of her living was in her being in Mrs. Hershland's living. In Mrs. Hershland later there was weakening, she never had Madeleine Wyman in her as true being. In Mrs. Hershland, real being was rich right living, her Bridgepoint family living and her marrying, and her country house living and her children. Later in her living she was weakening inside her, she was scared then, her children were big around her and outside her, trouble was coming then, the country house living was ending and often then Mr. Hershland forgot her as being, and later then she died away from them and they soon, all of them then, lost remembering her among them.

Or analytically (note here how the "analysis" is coextensive with the "parsing" of the units of speech):

> Every one is one inside them, every one reminds some one of some other one who is or was or will be living. Every one has it to say of each one he is like such a one I see it in him, every one has it to say she is like some one else I can tell by remembering. And so they go on repeating, everyone is always inside them and everyone is resembling to others, and that is always interesting.

And sometimes Stein speaks for herself:

> There are many that I know and I know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and now I will write it. This is now a history of my love of it.

The style of the book is the extended embodiment of Stein's awareness in the repetitious surge and flow of her private rhetoric—it is the extended experience of her voice speaking, knowing itself, and becoming awareness itself. In its concern for the precision of its rhetoric, the justness of its resonance and fugal repetition, this prose sets aside the attributes of narrative and takes on those of *song*, though the song in this case is a low, extended chant that takes as its motifs the experience of hearing people "repeat their being" through the medium of language. The analytic manner serves at once the function of description and the function of song—to make awareness be experienced impersonally, and to make it come alive.

Thus the book's hypnotic monotone, its repetitiousness, its narrowly defined vocabulary, and its absolute egocentricity of voice combine to raise the psychological narration to the impersonal condition of poetry. The reader should allow these elements to flow by and through him, as he allows musical recapitulation or as he participates in the singer's impersonal ego.

"Listen to a bird singing," Stein suggested. "It is always the same and yet it is always different each time." Exactly so. The voice in *The Making of*



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*Americans* achieves an absolutely staggering variety on one resonating note.

The analogy to music may give the impression that the book is "contentless"—that it has no subject matter. On the contrary, *The Making of Americans* is Stein's awareness of others rendered as language. This language is designed to have all the attributes of consciousness itself. Consciousness is always *of* something and yet it is always something in itself. Stein refuses to complicate this dualism. Again, consciousness is always whole and complete, and yet it is extended in time, surging and flaring in a linear way, and like a line in geometry, it is potentially infinite and therefore always incomplete, ended only with death. The book's tempo is slow; it does not drop or pick up speed, but moves steadily through its ruminations at what one might roughly call clock time—the tempo of the ordinary conversing voice. Within these limits it has its moments of intensity and even rhapsody.

There are dead spots. Both Hemingway and Edmund Wilson report that near the end of the book the light flickers out. Hemingway was of the opinion that at a certain point Stein stopped caring, and sat placidly at her desk running her pen over paper with nothing to say. They are right, but I doubt that the reason was Stein's laziness. The problem seems to be in the subject matter: a young man and his spiritual death. The passages that describe women are the finest in the book, but Stein does not seem to have had much sensitivity as a writer to the male sensibility in any of its forms except fatherhood. In any case, the descriptions of fathers are the only interesting treatments of men in the novel. When Stein comes to describe the young David Hershland and his sense of life, it becomes clear that male sexuality and sensuality were simply blanks to her. And it may be that the subject of death also extinguished her connection with the prose. These strange passages offer the most interesting example I know of the subtle miracle involved in giving feeling to language, making it *be* awareness. The words, the style, the forms, the rhythms in the David Hershland chapter are the same as those in the most incandescent passages of the book. And yet the language is dead.

That should not keep anyone from reading this extraordinary work of art. It remains to be seen whether *The Making of Americans* can nourish the art of the future as it once nourished that of the past. In the meantime, here is Gertrude Stein at last and once again.

# Stormy Revelations

J.M.W. TURNER: His Life and Work. *A Critical Biography by Jack Lindsay. New York Graphic Society. 275 pp. $12.50.*

**JOSEPH SOLMAN**

*Mr. Solman is a painter, art teacher and commentator. He is the subject of the art book,* Joseph Solman (*Crown*).

Modern art criticism has paid homage to the last works of Monet and Turner, but with the unfortunate slant of picturing the artist as a fascicule of rare retinal sensations, full of skill but devoid of thought. Both artists were, indeed, masters of a variety of painterly concepts, and Turner's long career was particularly marked by alternating states of growth and crisis, consonant with a heroic stature. If Turner is invoked by the present crop of "color field" and "candy-stripe" painters, these acolytes have curiously blurred the text of their high priest.

Perhaps the most salutary aspect of Jack Lindsay's book on Turner, therefore, is his portrait of the artist as an acute thinker, a probing, tormented individual, whose scenes of sea storms are both pictorially exciting and full of complex symbolism. He reveals a man involved in the social ideas of his epoch and in the attempt to encompass many of these ideas in his agitated canvases. Lindsay's approach is simultaneously to carry forward Turner's biography and artistic development, explaining the symbolism inherent in many key paintings, the artist's social ideals as reflected in his favorite poets as well as his own verse, and, finally, Turner's amazing color revelations.

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Lindsay churns up a bit too much material in the early chapters. But the litter clears away by Chapter V, "The World of Poetry," in which he deals with Turner's indebtedness to the poet James Thomson. Lindsay includes quotations from Thomson's poems as well as Turner's own poetry, found in the painter's sketchbooks. Though other painters of the period besides the great Blake wrote verse, Lindsay claims that "Turner was alone in seriously and consistently trying to link verse and painting, and thus deepen his consciousness of aims."

What were the painter's aims? In canvases like "The Destruction of Sodom" and "The Plague," painted in 1805 when Turner was 30, his themes were still those of cataclysm "that men were bringing on themselves by corruption, greed and violence." But during the next five years Turner was to concentrate on direct landscape, particularly his sea themes, pouring "his most passionate concern and anguish, his deepest insights into them, till the storm on land and sea became for him a complex and finely articulated image of social and spiritual crisis."

In the chapter, "Hannibal Crosses the Alps," Lindsay brilliantly analyzes one of Turner's key pictures of the 1812 period, describing the new elements of design taking place in the artist's work (the arcs, vortexes and gyres), as well as the feelings of hope and despair symbolized in this painting. In "Politics and Symbolism," the author examines Turner's social insights as evidenced by the painter's long friendship with the radical Fawkes, the elaborate allegorical content in many of Turner's important canvases, and the influence of the poet Akenside (along with Thomson) on his philosophy.

Lindsay is thorough in tracing Turner's growth as a painter; his long artistic journey through the influence of Claude, Poussin, the Dutch landscapists, Cozens and Richard Wilson, to his own broad style—a stubborn caravan that should remind young artists that originality is not the first task of the painter. Lindsay is particularly eloquent in his description of a group of late water colors which he terms color structures. "Colours are used to create recession without the least element of chiaroscuro or local effects; broad bands and opposed colour masses. . . . At moments forms emerge with a faint persistent clarity, set securely in space, yet floating on a mist of transcience. Again and again we wonder at the grip on tone and structure which makes of the least colour-wash something that is firmly rooted in time and space, and suggests the fullness of the scene by a sort of slow breathing, a palpitation of obstinate life, like the universe on the edge of bursting out of chaos."

It was fortunate for Turner that he became a Royal Academician in his early 20s and that his early vigorous paintings won him enough public approval to make him independently wealthy in his later years. His mature style, broadly spumed with white, was called "soapsuds and whitewash" by the critics. Ruskin arrived on the scene none too soon and hailed him Master. During the Cézanne and cubist periods, Turner was regarded by art critics as literary and melodramatic; today he is sacrosanct—one of the great color innovators, a paradox prophesied by Turner's own trenchant definition: "It is not the love of arts that prompts a critic but vanity and the never ceasing lust to be thought a man of superior taste."

The well-chosen examples in color and black and white are too few for such a scholarly book. At least two dozen more should have been included to illustrate Lindsay's fine analyses. Nevertheless, the book is a highly valuable contribution to our understanding of "the artist of a paradisiac earth and also of tragic catastrophe." Let us hope Lindsay may some day interest a publisher in the printing of the 390 color structures locked in the National Gallery. It would make a glowing sequel to the present work.


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## THE HAYSTACK

*In memory I see a youth*
*And a girl looking into each other's eyes*
*In the surge and height of their life principle,*
*Which they do not understand.*

*On a northern lake in a rowboat*
*They catch a glittering fish, slight*
*Catch, they think nothing of it.*
*Grace is theirs, youth's insolence.*

*Back at the house an old man*
*Drools and cannot speak a word.*
*They look at each other. They drool.*
*They fall together behind the gray-green haystack.*

RICHARD EBERHART



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# FILMS / Robert Hatch

The Royal Shakespeare production of *Marat/Sade* which dominated the Broadway season last year, has been made into a compelling, repellent and photographically beautiful film. It is unmistakably the same interpretation of Peter Weiss's play, but Peter Brook, who directed both versions, is cunning in both mediums, and he has remolded his stage creation for the screen. There have been losses as well as gains.

The principal loss—and one senses almost from the outset that it is gone—is the extraordinary drive, the circus-like agility, rush and wild efficiency that Brook engendered in the theatre. His stage *Marat/Sade* was orchestrated like some devil's symphony (indeed, it seemed to me at the time that the manic trumpeter in the left-hand box was actually conducting the proceedings below him). This spectacle of dexterous chaos was inevitably high spirited; the tone was incongruous in a context of insanity and may well have taken liberties with its author's intentions. However, the humor of bedlam is an old idea that has been making a comeback in our theatre, and purely as spectacle the production was a reeling masterpiece.

On the screen, we come up much closer on the action; indeed, we are for the most part inside that nightmarish bathhouse, ducking and dodging (a hand-held camera that also ducks and dodges reinforces the illusion) among the distracted Thespians. As a result, one looks with conscious appreciation at the myriad individual inventions of this incomparable cast, whereas in the theatre one was aware only that wonderful bits were there to be seen (as in a Breughel phantasmagoria) if one but had the time to focus on them. The screen effect is more shocking; I am not convinced, though, that it is more compelling. The stage production created an illusion of insanity; the screen attempts to document it. However, when you look this closely at feigned madness, what you principally see is make-up and mannerism. The Lon Chaney effect is ghoulishly naive.

Also, paradoxically, I felt more removed at the same time that I was brought closer. This is so because Brook has framed his movie as a play within a play within a film. He has set a row of bars across what was originally the front of the stage and placed on the fixed-camera side of it an audience of Parisian notables for whom the inmates perform their show of caged hostility in the guise of historical charade. In the theatre, *we* were those Parisian notables, and there were moments when the footlights seemed an all too fragile barrier. Now who are we—an audience behind an audience? More puzzling still, we seem to be a disembodied eye that drifts into and away from the action as the composition of events dictates. It is difficult, thus, to take a position with respect to what is going on, and empathy is unquestionably lost.

A clear gain for the screen is the duel of words and wills between Marat (Ian Richardson) and Sade (Patrick Magee). These two, who embellish their characterizations with no tics or droolings, no rolling eyes or spastic mouths, are indeed the maddest of all. It is their manner of speech that gives them away—the calm and inhumanly precise articulation of controlled lunacy. These steel-cut exchanges in close-up produce the awkward fact that one is forced to attend somewhat to the ideas that are mouthed so gloriously, and to worry again that Weiss intends us to take some message from the pronouncements on freedom, death, truth and the spirit of man. But assuming that brilliant madmen will deliver themselves of pathetically impotent ideas, the parry and thrust is physically thrilling.

I think that *Marat/Sade* offers little if any content beyond its actual presence. Little content, that is, that can still kindle speculation. The proposition that today's revolutionary is tomorrow's tyrant, that men kill in the name of love and seize power in the name of equality are too well domesticated in our flock of guilty knowledge to raise a stir. To take dramatic advantage of such notions today, you must find the oblique ways in which such plagues breech our defenses. Weiss goes at it head-on, as though he had just discovered the perversity of abstract principle.

So *Marat/Sade* seems to me more theatre than drama. It is perhaps a lesser achievement for that reason, but in the hands of Peter Brook and in the persons of the Royal Shakespeare Company, theatre is raised to a height of proficiency that confers its own delight. It is a remarkable feat to achieve this success twice in two very different mediums. In the film I miss the great dance of the humane bedlam at Charenton, but on the stage I did not appreciate the alert concern of the nursing sisters or the brisk violence of the male attendants that work a lean counterpoint into the extravagant waste of lunatic emotion. And I was much moved, as


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I had not been previously, by Glenda Jackson's portrayal of Charlotte Corday as a distracted girl reaching out for the comfort of sanity through the memorized lines of her hysterical role in the pageant. Finally, the camera work in the film, its acid pastels flaring and bleaching in sun-struck exposures, its focuses pouncing and retreating, its field expanding and contracting as though through an ungoverned iris, is disconcertingly beautiful, and I believe (as I hope never to confirm) the true visual world of dementia.

# THEATRE

**HAROLD CLURMAN**

If I were interested only in reporting my immediate reactions to stage fare I should have this to say about Barbara Garson's *MacBird!* (Village Gate: 185 Thompson St.): I laughed four or five times, I smiled faintly an equal number of times. I thought Jeanne Button's costumes clever, the staging by Roy Levine entertaining, William Devane engagingly like "Robert Ken O'Dunc" in looks and accent, and that Stacy Keach imitated his prototype "MacBird" efficiently. In view of the event, I liked the saloon atmosphere—with drinks at a price. I was unaffected by the show most of the time —neither offended nor elated—but I was pleased that it had happened.

More important than all this—I have often declared that opinions as such are of little moment in criticism—I was interested in the show's origin in the community and how it is received.

Let no one say that the play has no political significance. True, the script is a spoof: a parody of the ham Shakespearean manner. The characters, by this time it is almost needless to say, are John Ken O'Dunc, patterned on the late President, Robert Ken O'Dunc, on the Senator, Ted Ken O'Dunc, on his junior brother, MacBird on Johnson, Egg of Head on Stevenson, the Wayne of Morse, on guess who! etc.

It has been said that the first part of the play is better than the second because it deals with things that have happened (the assassination of Kennedy), while the second is fiction or fantasy (Robert Ken O'Dunc aided by his cohorts kill MacBird). To make this distinction is simple-minded. Nothing in this play has happened; the presumption that John Ken O'Dunc was murdered at the instigation of Lady MacBird is not conceivably intended as a serious indictment. Just as a dream bespeaks the re-



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ality of a wish or an anxiety, so *MacBird!* indicates what its author and those who in one way or another respond affirmatively to the play feel about our present statesmen and politicians.

They think Johnson an absurd demagogue and hypocrite, that Robert Kennedy's "pulpy heart" is replaced by "a precision instrument apparatus of steel and plastic tubing," that the Earl of Warren, against his conscience, may have served as a scapegoat, that the Egg of Head is a man who, when urged to take a firm stand, wavers and says: "I know you think I'm acting like a toad, but still I choose the middle of the road." And if this isn't what our friends think, it represents how they feel: totally disgusted, altogether distrustful, entirely irreverent or, as the Fugs say about all our leaders, "Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!" Say what you will, and I shall, this is a definite though probably futile political sentiment.

Barbara Garson, who is 25 and part of the Berkeley New Left, is a political activist. Her play is a gesture of the "youth movement." That it amounts to a resounding Bronx cheer or a stink bomb, and that these are less damaging than dynamite, is not very important in itself. What matters is that numerous young people (not to mention many of their elders) believe that such manifestations as *MacBird!* are imperative.

More telling in a way is the fact that certain sophisticated folk approve of *MacBird!* — but somewhat slyly. They speak of Mrs. Garson's satirical faculty (as if it existed in a void), her ability to handle iambic pentameter, both of which talents are on a collegiate level. They praise her theatre sense, which is hardly superior to that of the lampoons one might see in dozens of American and English universities. Such backbench rebels rarely assert that Mrs. Garson's sentiments find an echo in their own spirit, that they second her motion.

I welcome *MacBird!* for the "subversive" intentions, not because I am opposed to this or that public figure but because what is called "subversion" — sharp and insistent criticism of our society from top to bottom — is a needed corrective, a purgative of our Stygian world. The play speaks of the "Pox Americana," which is only a passable pun; it also refers several times to our politicos' ambition to devise a "Smooth Society," which is much better. What troubles me, however, is that many of our cultivated gentry should express so much glee at the pseudo-brilliance of these schoolboy shenanigans and tomfoolery. Better this than nothing, I agree, but are we so low in precision, daring and eloquence that we should speak of such trifles as though we were in the presence of Swift, Gogol, Hogarth, George Grosz, Brecht; or even the Village Vanguard revues of the depression years, or more recently, The Premise, the Second City and *Beyond the Fringe*?

I laughed at Mrs. Garson's adept use of two four-letter words; they exploded at just the right spots. I suppose her to be a spunky young woman who might accomplish more in fields outside the cabaret or the stage but, to repeat, I am worried by the kind of accolade accorded her by more adult persons. Seats of power are never shaken by hoots and toy barbs. The show will not be suppressed. Radical changes in our ways of thinking and behavior are a long way off if such things as *MacBird!* inspire us with a sense of being on the road to a new day. Folks who enjoy and applaud the play may well go on voting for people very similar to the objects of Mrs. Garson's derision.

The rebellion of true satire moves us to struggle rather than to sound the breaking wind of impotence. As a symptom of something stirring among the young, *MacBird!* may be encouraging, but I look forward to the day when our good kids will have grown up. Much more acutely, I hope those grownups will not be satisfied with making kids of themselves.

Reviewing Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* (*The Nation,* February 27), I referred to the Kabuki (Japanese) tradition of playing all scenes—including night scenes—in full light. This is primarily a Chinese tradition, and Mr. Shaffer got the scheme for his play from that source. My error was caused by my having seen a similar play performed at the Kabuki theatre in Tokyo. Apologies to all.

# RECORDS

**BENJAMIN BORETZ**

THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG: Volume 4. Complete Music for Solo Piano. Songs for Voice and Piano. Donald Gramm, Ellen Faull, Helen Vanni, vocalists; Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia M2L 336/M2S 736.

The principal relevance of this album is its representation of the early Schoenberg vocal literature previously unavailable on recordings. For even the Op. 1 songs reveal astonishing compositional maturity and the abundance of ideas and insights that Schoenberg seemed to command at every stage of his activity. Indeed, for many listeners the songs of Op. 1 and 2 may be the most fruitful introduction to the quality of Schoenberg's thought. In the absence of the neogrammatical problems posed by later pieces, and in a traditional context, one finds Schoenberg attempting to realize in tonal terms many of the constructional ideas for which he later developed a self-contained new syntax. But his effort to expand tonality to project these extended relational ideas is extraordinary, and, in a sense that ought to be more prevalent, heroic. Thus the awareness projected in Op. 1 and 2 of the kinds of relation, from smallest- to largest-scaled, that can be articulated by configurations and successions of pitches within the resources and limits of a tonal reference is surely maximal. And the increasing interest of Schoenberg and his students in the ramifications of these relations beyond the referential limits of tonal structure can be perceived, even by a relatively uninitiated listener, as a direct outgrowth of the preoccupa-


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tions one finds in these songs, as they began to generate a language of their own from "inside" the traditional framework. This development is, in fact, evident even in the immediate relation between the two sets of songs; the far greater complexity in texture and polyphony in Op. 2 is an extraordinary one-opus leap. And by the time of the Op. 15 *Book of the Hanging Gardens*, a new world of musical coherence has already emerged: the tonal reference is now only a sonority and the extrapolations have become the heart of structure.

But unhappily, it is impossible to recommend the album as in any sense comparable with the earlier volumes in this series. Where almost all the other performances (under Robert Craft) have been, if not definitive, manifestly superior to others currently available, the reverse is true in the present instance, largely as a consequence of Glenn Gould's aggressively irresponsible and idiosyncratic playing. I find myself particularly unappreciative of the subjection of Schoenberg's hardheaded ideas, tonal, atonal and twelve-tonal, to grotesque exaggerations of articulation that virtually dissipate the continuity. Gould also distorts and misrepresents dynamic and other textual matters unambiguously indicated in the scores—in the name, presumably of a kind of "personalization" demonstrating that Schoenberg's music has as much spiritual *grandeur* as all the other music on which this particular interpretative outrage is traditionally visited. Moreover, the piano music has already been recorded in performances that are not only adequate but often impressive in their interpretive insight, in particular by Charles Rosen and the late Edouard Steuermann.

Perhaps even more obtrusive are the inadequacies of the singers chosen to accompany Gould in his performances of the piano-vocal music. In the case of the early songs, and even aside from manifold inaccuracies, it is impossible to discern any basic concept of phrasing, succession or dynamic differentiation (not just relevant or significant ones but any at all). And a comparison of Helen Vanni's perfunctory performance of the *Book of the Hanging Gardens* with the Bethany Beardslee-Robert Helps recording (on Son-Nova) is almost invidious. Miss Vanni's singing seems a paradigmatic instance of perfect-pitch vocalism: while many of the pitches produced are within reasonable range of those requested (although the number of alternating departures from and returns to correct intonation is most disconcerting), there is almost never a sense of interval, of the relations between successive pitches and groups of pitches. As a result, restatements of the same notated pitches are never quite alike, a characteristic that almost trivially guarantees incoherence to any musical structure, but seems particularly inappropriate in the work of the composer who first spoke of "composing with intervals." In the end, the album's primary value may be as a useful demonstration of why one should not urge too strongly that "standard-repertory" performers ought to feel obliged to perform the 20th-century literature as well.

## CALIFORNIA *(Continued from page 340)*

of a government to absorb the costs of patiently taking a prospective New Town population into consultation about the shape and character of its town. This could be done in areas close to major cities which are presently covered with ugly tracts and senseless strip developments. Here, with federal money, state and local governments might begin aggregating already populated land and then planning New Town projects *with* the residents, gradually replacing what may already be decaying suburban housing with an organically designed community. In this way New Towns might achieve desirable locations close to metropolitan centers, as well as democratic involvement in their creation. And the latter experience would be a useful discipline for many of our city planners whose ideas of "what people need" come out of textbooks and blueprints and various mystical sources of inspiration. Would such land acquisition be expensive? Of course it would. Buying up the land for such New Towns might for a time cost the government almost as much per month as it is presently spending to devastate Vietnam.

The conclusion seems widely accepted now that the privately developed New Towns are not going to solve America's urban problems—except for those middle- and upper-class whites who are really in the market for escape rather than a solution. And in so doing, they are in the way of causing very great harm. For by creating the impression that private enterprise is "carrying the ball" where New Towns are concerned, the developers are taking the pressure off state and federal government to assume responsibility in the building of *real* garden cities.

## LETTERS *(Continued from page 322)*

war — often a self-indulgent pursuit — but what Vietnam and the Vietnamese are like, what is the quality of life that is being destroyed there, what *they* feel. From three in the afternoon till ten at night, this program earnestly, with love and humor in a modest spirit that precluded any use of the situation for egotistic purposes, justified its dedication as "An Act of Respect for the Vietnamese People."

*Denise Levertov*

P. S. A line from my poem, "Life at War," was misquoted in the same article—it should have read "burnt human flesh is smelling in Vietnam."

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: I am sure Mr. Lourie does not wish to deny that he talked with me on the phone and that he told me in person (after the Napalm Poetry Reading) where the caravan would be on Feb. 2. That he may not have recognized me at the stops in the Bronx and at 95th St. and Broadway is understandable under the circumstances. But at both places I talked with his fellow poets and members of the audience; I received literature passed out; and I chatted with a member of the Pageant Players, who was a personal acquaintance. How a reporter gathers information and impressions is *his* prerogative; Mr. Lourie may have his own ways. But I am disturbed that he does not seem to have read the whole article; otherwise, how could he say, "If he had chosen to tell how we were belted with eggs . . ." when indeed I specifically mention the attack by Cuban exiles? Perhaps having one's name misspelled is just cause for anger. I apologize.

If he had read on, he would have seen that my article was not merely about the Poets' Caravan. My point was not to denigrate their efforts but to question how audiences might best be reached and how to convince them of the need to oppose present U.S. policy in Vietnam. The element of *épater le bourgeois*, which consciously or unconsciously was in the Poets' Caravan venture, I felt did not help to accomplish this purpose.

*Curtis Harnack*



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